

THE METROPOLITAN.

FEBRUARY, 1832.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A TALE OF AN OLD HIGHLANDER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WHEN I was a shepherd at Willenslee, there came to that place in the summer of 1789 a little old Highlander, whose name was Alexander Stewart, but who had all his life been distinguished by the name of Boig, from his father's farm. He remained with us all summer and harvest, and I think I never was so sorry at parting with a neighbour servant of the same sex before. He was what the rest of the servants called "a shrewd sensible body;" indeed far—far above the people of that rank in Scotland. He had served both in America and at Gibraltar, and told me wonderful stories of both. The rest of the servants accounted all these stories lies; but not so with me; I swallowed them all as genuine truth; and if they were not so, they certainly told very like truth.

"How did you come to lose all your fore-teeth, Boig?" said I to him one day, as we were reaping together. He instantly laid his sickle on his shoulder, put a hand to each side, felt his mouth with his fore-finger, and said, "Why, boy, I lost them at Gibraltar by a very singular accident. You see, I was stationed at a cannon on the countermure, and by there comes a Spanish twenty-six pounder, with such a d— whizz, that the very wind of it threw me twenty yards to the left—about away from the battlement, where, falling on the pavement, I knocked out the whole of my teeth as you see."

"How did you come to know the weight of the ball so exactly, Boig?"

"Why, because I weighed it."

"Weighed it! How did you catch it going at such a rate?"

"O! bless your soul, boy, it struck the rock right behind my station, and killed two men in rebounding, and so, he having proved such an extraordinary fellow, we weighed him. We gathered up their balls as thick as peas and groats, and returned them again with interest."

But the story which I set out with a design of telling was one which I made him tell several times over, and which he did with no variation that I could mark. He was witness to all the transactions himself, as far as a livery-servant could be witness to them, and these often know more of the secrets and concerns of a family, than their most intimate acquaintances do. I cannot vouch for the truth of the narrative, having no authority for it but Boig's words; it is therefore with diffidence that I mention the names and titles of the actors;

but without doing so I cannot tell the story at all, which I shall give in very nearly his own words. I cannot conceive who Lady Livingston was; the rest of the names will answer for themselves if such men really were—for I do not know.

“ I was chief servant with old Lady Livingston in Edinburgh for many years, and was frequently trusted by gentlemen with messages and letters to her niece Barbara Stewart, by far the greatest beauty of her day. She was held up beside as a great fortune; but as to that I can say nothing. She was heiress to her aunt, that is certain,—and I believe to some trifling estates about Perthshire. However, she had plenty of suitors, for I believe there was not a young nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom who ever saw her face, that did not fall in love with her. It seemed to be the fashion of the day to be in love with Barbara; and to be seen with her in public was sufficient to introduce a young man into genteel society. Those were grand days for me, for I took bribes from everybody and served nobody. Lady Livingston was strict and severe on the beauty, consequently there were private appointments to make, and billet-doux without end to deliver, by which I was the only profitter beside my young mistress, to whom presents poured in of the richest value.

“ As far as I could judge of Miss Stewart, she was exceedingly volatile and gallantish. She loved to dash about with handsome young gentlemen, and with noblemen in particular; and whether or not she meant to give them all encouragement I cannot tell, but it was manifest that the greater part of them thought they were encouraged, and persevered in their attentions.

“ But of all the suitors, Captain James Drummond, son to the Earl of Melford, was the favourite with Lady Livingston. Her high notions of noble descent, ancient and dignified lineage, with prospects of future greatness, secured her interest in his favour; and she ceased not teasing her niece early and late about the Captain's high qualities. Barbara had nothing to say against them. She seemed quite indifferent, and liked him just as well as any other, answering her aunt with some general remark, as, ‘ Indeed! is he so very accomplished?—Well, I declare I should hardly have discovered it, if you had not told me. Thank you, my dear aunt;’ or, ‘ Well, I believe it. How can I do otherwise, when my dear aunt tells me so? The young soldier is good enough, without doubt, to those who love him; and too good for those who love him and cannot get him! Heigh-ho!’

“ ‘ Well, Baby, my dear, I have no wish to force your inclinations; but I have more nieces than you, that is some comfort, you know; and if you are determined to live and die an old maid—’

“ ‘ O! shocking!’ screamed Barbara, ‘ I live and die an old maid? I declare I shall faint!—O! Dear aunt, what thought of me brought such a horrid expression into your mouth? He—he—he! Live and die—an old maid! O! (*a shriek.*) Boig, I beseech you, go with my compliments to Captain Drummond, and desire him to come here on the instant.—What do you laugh at, you impertinent dog?’

“ ‘ I beg your pardon, Miss Barbara,’ said I, ‘ I have been guilty of a great breach of good manners, but on my soul I could not help

it. Your terrible hurry in sending for Captain Drummond—are you quite serious?’

“ ‘Yes, perfectly serious. Tell him that I have something very serious to say to him, and my aunt has something very particular to say to him.’

“ ‘But are you quite sure, madam, that I shall get into the castle at this late hour? or, that if I were to get in, that it is probable he will get out?’

“ ‘He can come over the wall, you know. You can let him down by a rope. Be sure to take a good long strong rope with you: for he must come, that’s flat. My aunt has given me such a fright, that I shall not get out of it again till I am married. Go instantly, for I wish to see the Captain first, who is so agreeable to my aunt; for the first man that pops the question to me now, I’ll chap him—that I will.’

“ ‘Was there ever such a madcap?’ exclaimed Lady Livingston, holding up her hands. ‘Take away these things, Boig, and go to your bed. Does the buoyant jilt suppose that she is to make fools of herself and me? I’ll teach her otherwise! Whatever is done under my roof shall be done decently and in order. What! send for a young officer express after supper?—The girl’s distracted!—moon-struck!’

“ Barbara was evidently enjoying her freak and her aunt’s loss of temper; for, as I was retiring, she cast to me a look so languishing, and at the same time so sly, that I was speeding out at the door for fear of again bursting forth in laughter. But she called me back, and, continuing the same expression of countenance, said, ‘Boig,—I say, Boig.—Hem! Pray have *you* ever thought of marrying?’

“ This was said in a manner conveying the insinuation that in her forlorn circumstances she would willingly marry me that very night. The old lady sprang to her feet in a great rage, or rather consternation, thinking her darling niece seized by a fit of lunacy. I clashed the door close behind me, and fled, actually perspiring with suppressed laughter. It is nothing to tell the story, but had you seen it acted, as I did, it was exquisite.

“ The next day Captain Drummond came; whether sent for or not, I cannot tell. I suspect that he was, for one of the girls brought in a caddie after breakfast. He remained with the ladies all the forenoon, and they were denied to every one else. I was only once in with a chicken and some wine, and shall never forget the scene. There was my lady sitting with all the importance of a great diplomatist, turning her benevolent looks on the ‘honourable Captain,’ as she always styled him. There was Barbara, with looks as demure as a devotee’s, and as innocent as a lamb; but well could I see the lurking mischief in them, and that she was playing the devil with Captain Drummond’s heart, misleading him in the most serious concern of life, and actually doing all that she could to make a fool of him, while at the same time he was gazing on her with a fondness which I never saw equalled.

“ I don’t know what passed that day: I would have given any thing in life to have heard, but could not. I rather suppose that the minx was carrying on the same lesson as the evening before, and was all complaisance and condescension. Certain it is, the match was

concluded that day, for so it afterwards appeared; at least that Captain Drummond supposed the match concluded: that there was another supposed no such thing I was quite convinced. I knew her well! A finer form or lovelier, sure I never beheld; but there was a piquancy and sly restless mischievousness in her disposition quite peculiar. She flaunted and dashed on as usual without the least difference, and with much less restraint from her old aunt, who was pleased with her darling's complaisance. And, moreover, the division of the 42nd regiment then in the Castle was ordered into Sussex to join the rest of the regiment, so that Captain Drummond was separated from his adored Miss Stewart for an indefinite space of time. It made no difference with Barbara. On she went receiving new lovers almost every day, and treating them even more kindly than before.

"The principal lover now was Mr. John Lion, likewise a sprig of nobility; a great puppy, very handsome, proud, and overbearing, and rather kept other lovers aloof by his boldness and importance than tried to make an impression on the lady's heart by kindness and condescension. Whether she really ever cherished a thought of marrying this young man or not, it is impossible to say, for no living man could calculate on her motives from her actions. Perhaps she did; for the greatest coquette keeps an eye forward to marriage as the *ne plus ultra* of gallantry. She gave him at this time decidedly the preference to all others, of which he made a very haughty use, pushing himself between her and other gallants without ceremony, saving only saying, "Begging your pardon, Sir," or something to the same purpose.

"Matters were in this state, when there arrived from London an Honourable Mr. John Drummond, who brought several letters of introduction from noble jacobite families there, and, among others, one to Lady Livingston, stating that he was only son to the late Edward Drummond, Duke of Perth, and the lineal heir of the great Perth estates, on the removal of the forfeitures, which was then under consideration. The young man was in consequence of this greatly caressed, and by none more than by Lady Livingston, who all but worshipped him. He had been born and bred in France, and was a thorough Frenchman — all flattery, wit, and good-humour, and the very man for Barbara Stewart."

Here my description falls far short of the original story-seller, for he had all the Frenchman's motions, his bows, his capers, and his wit, which was ten times more diverting in his broken English and French mixed. I used to laugh immoderately at Boig's exhibition of the Duke of Perth; his good-humour with the young lady, and his flattery of the old one. It must have been exquisite!

"Well, truth to say, he was at once the adopted sweetheart; for to see Barbara Stewart was to be in love with her; and this great heir to the Perth estate being taken captive at once, plied his flattery, his bows, and his fantastic motions, with so good an effect, that Barbara Stewart actually was won, to the great delight of Lady Livingston, who thought no more of Captain Drummond, Highland cousin to the new wooer; but acquiesced most liberally in his proposals.

"But then Mr. Lion had gained a real or supposed footing, and his

pride and contumacy were not likely to be easily overborne. Of this Mr. Drummond knew nothing, but gallanted his beloved openly, to the great despite of many a love-lorn youth. They visited together many of the old jacobite families; and at Lord Rollo's fell in with Lion, who evidently laid himself out to insult the new favourite, and even condescended to the meanness of addressing him by the title of the Duck de Pert. Drummond, however, put off every thing with some reply that set the whole party in a roar of laughter: he held up his hands, straddled with his knees, turned up the whites of his eyes, 'Ha! Duc de Pert! Very happy!—Excesse propre!—Tank you, Monsieur Lyong! Much obliger!—Great obligationg.'

"The next day being fine, Mr. Drummond and Barbara went out to take a private walk, and at the south point of a place called Burnsfield Links Mr. Lion came up with them. He called at Lady Livingston's house in the Horse-wynd. I answered the door, and told him which way the lovers had gone. He followed, apparently in a bad humour; and overtaking them at the place mentioned, he as usual pushed himself rudely in between them with a 'Begging your pardon, Sir, but if you please.'

"'Wat! I plaise? Noo; I plaise no such ting. And I vill see you to damnation before I soumettre to any soosh traitement. So stand you aside like a gentilhomme.'

"At the same time, Barbara drew her arrested arm from Lion, and said, 'Pray, what is the meaning of this, Mr. Lion? Who gave you a right to take such freedoms with me?'

"'Who gave me a right, madam!' exclaimed he, fiercely.

"'Ay, who give you de right, Sir?' asked the Frenchman. 'Vas it de ladee? Or vas it I? Because vidout de one or de oder, or bot, you cannot be here.' And with that he again took Miss Barbara Stewart's willing arm. Lion was galled beyond what his proud and insolent nature could endure; and cursing Drummond for an impostor, he struck him a violent blow, bidding him make the best of that he could.

"'Sir, I will not fight like a begaar; but if you be a gentilhomme, vich I now see you are not, please to draw out your rapiere, and I will trust you trou and trou de bodee. O! you have no weapons! Noo, you come out like blackmoor-guard, to beat gentilhomme dat have weapons, tinkin you safe. But do you take dat and dat;' and with that, Drummond gave him two hearty kicks, presenting at the same time his sharp rapier in such a manner, that it was impossible for his antagonist to return them.

"There was now no alternative. A challenge from Lion was the consequence. The Master of Rollo and Dr. Graham were the seconds. The rivals met that evening on the spot where they had quarrelled; and Drummond, having the choice of weapons, chose the rapier—'By de cause dat he had noo oder along vit him, and it vould do,' he said.

"Lion acquiesced without hesitation, and soon proved that he was no novice in the art. They fought with great coolness and caution, and with as much ease as if they had been playing with foils. Lion drew the first blood, wounding Mr. Drummond rather slightly below the right arm and across the shoulder. The Master of Rollo then interfered, protesting against further violence; and, strange to say, the

wounded acquiesced! but the other refused, saying it was a mere scratch; he would have the insulting dog's heart's blood. 'Vat! doo you say soo?' cried Drummond; 'den for de dernier resorte.'

"They then fought very hard and close for the space of a minute and a half, when Drummond run him through the body; and the young man was carried home a corpse. Drummond retired to a nominal concealment for a while, but on trial was fairly exculpated. Shortly after that, Miss Barbara Stewart and he were married.

"In the interim, word had reached Captain Drummond at headquarters, how matters were likely to end with his betrothed and his cousin. He therefore got leave of absence for a while, and posted to Edinburgh; but ere he arrived the marriage was consummated. He had loved with all the warmth of his noble nature, and was so much affected by Barbara's deceit and ingratitude that he fell sick, and scarcely spoke or saw the light for nearly a month. But perhaps, during a part of this time, he had been studying the most ample revenge, which he soon found the means of putting in practice. He conceived himself to have been exceedingly ill used; and without seeing either Barbara or the fortunate lover, he again posted to the regiment, and from thence to London.

"Hitherto no one had doubted that Mr. John Drummond, husband to Barbara Stewart, was the true and lineal heir to the great Perth estate. I cannot be sure that I recollect exactly the relationship, although often minutely described to me by Boig; but I think his father was uncle to James the first duke of Perth; and on the decease of the latter at St. Germain's, this John's father, the Lord Edward Drummond, assumed the title. He spent all his life in the interior of France in religious seclusion, and this John was the only surviving child of him and his wife, Lady Elizabeth Middleton, both of whom were dead, so that there could be no doubt as to his right of succession.

"Captain Drummond, however, saw matters in a different light. Although three or four degrees farther removed, he perceived how difficult it would be for his rival to adduce sufficient evidence of his legitimacy from the interior of France, considering the secluded life of his father, and the then state of that kingdom. The Captain, seizing the opportunity, went boldly forward, and accused his rival as an impostor, and claimed the property for himself. He having the best advocates of the kingdom, the Lords admitted the plea, and ordered the former claimant to produce the proofs of his propinquity.

"Mr. Drummond was astonished at the news. He hasted to London, taking his wife with him, and from thence to Douay in Flanders, where he was born; from thence to Lyons, in pursuit of proper witnesses: which journey took him the greater part of a year. In the mean time Captain Drummond had instituted a keen inquiry at home, and had even brought forward those who deposed that Lady Edward Drummond never had a child; and there certainly were some letters produced, which, if genuine, went far to prove the truth of the statement. The consequence was, that before John Drummond's return to England the minds of the Lords were made up regarding the right of possession; and although they waited his arrival, it was more for form's sake than a persuasion of the validity of his claims. He came to London at length, and produced a re-

gister of his birth from the Catholic College of Douay; but the other party prevailed in procuring its rejection, owing to its non-correspondence with other dates. He brought also plenty of witnesses, who proved his having been brought up and educated as the son of Lord Edward Drummond and of his wife Lady Elizabeth Middleton; but they proved of no avail regarding his birth by that lady, there having been counter-evidence produced which, in the eye of the law, was more decisive. The consequence, in short, was, that after a tedious litigation, it was at last finally decided in the Court of Session at Edinburgh in favour of Captain James Drummond, of the Melford family, who became thereby possessed of the Perth property."

Never was a retaliation over a successful rival in love more complete than this was, as it left John Drummond and his wife totally ruined in their circumstances and deprived of their hopes. Boig went abroad with them when they went in search of evidence; and on reaching Calais on their way home, Lady Perth, as she had been styled ever since her marriage, was left behind, being unable from the state she was in to proceed further, and Boig remained with her. She was there delivered of a son; but was so meanly lodged, and left so poor, that she was obliged to borrow from Boig till he had not a sixpence left. In this wretched state was the once celebrated beauty lying, when her husband, after long absence, returned to France with the news that they were utterly ruined. But this was not the worst; her husband had published an article in some London journal, I think a magazine, wherein he accused Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, of the most grievous mal-practices against him,—of suborning false witnesses, and keeping back others; and altogether with charges so villanous, that they could not be overlooked. It would have been better had they been so, as uttered by an irritated, disappointed man; but the high spirit of Lord Perth would not submit to it. He followed his relation to Calais, accompanied by Major McGlashan of the 21st, and, after vainly endeavouring to draw from Mr. Drummond a counter-statement, challenged him.

But the circumstance that rendered this tale so interesting to me at first, and impressed all the circumstances so strongly on my remembrance, is yet to narrate; for without something a little tinged with the supernatural, a tale has few charms for me.

Well, it so happened that, one fine pleasant day, as Mr. John Drummond was walking by himself on Burnsfield Links at Edinburgh, near by the scene of the fatal rencounter with John Lion, that gentleman came up to him alive and well, and asked him how he liked to be married. The other, struck with astonishment, made no answer, but stood and gazed at the querist; who, again accosting him, said, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, but I shall be even with you to-day; and the next time I meet with you I'll shoot you through here"—touching his head with the point of his fore-finger close above the right ear.

The vision, of course, proved a dream; for instead of being walking on Burnsfield Links, he was lying in his own chamber in the Horse-wynd, with his lovely Barbara in his arms; but the moment that the apparition touched him with its finger, he sprang from his

bed, and exclaimed that he was shot through the head. His lady started up in amazement, crying out, "How? Where? By whom?"

"By that scoundrel, Lion!" said he.

It was eight o'clock in the morning; the sun was shining into the room; and when Barbara received this answer she grew pale as death, thinking her husband was deranged.

"It is true!" exclaimed he wildly; "I am—I am shot through the head, and my brains are blown out. Look, and satisfy yourself, at the hole the bullet has made. Merciful Heaven! was I out on the Links naked?"

"You are raving, Drummond!" cried she, weeping, and throwing her arms about him; "seized by some mortal frenzy, I fear. Compose yourself, and lie down; for you were out nowhere, but lying sound asleep with me."

He got his head bound up, and lay down, trying to compose himself; but his ideal wound was so painful, that he continued in an agony until a letter was brought up stairs to him. It was that which stated to him the new claims of his rival on the Perth estate, and the strong doubts entertained of his own propinquity.

This was a most galling business, and the anxiety of mind that it threw him into completely eradicated the vision and the wound from his head; nor did he ever think of them more until the same vision was repeated to him at Calais. He dreamed that he was walking on Burnsfield Links, and that Mr. Lion came up to him and asked him how he liked to be married. The dreamer still had no power to reply, while the other continued, "You deprived me foully of my love and my life, Drummond, and sent me all unprepared to my account. But I am even with you now, and am come to fulfil my promise. Be expeditious, and I will wait here till I take you with me."

Drummond started up in a cold perspiration, with terror and astonishment; and, just as he was saying to his wife that he was going to die, and would never see the evening of that day, the door opened, and Boig handed him a note from Major M'Glashan. Notwithstanding this solemn and dreadful warning, Drummond refused to retract one item of what he had published, and signed with his name; and the event was, that he fought with Lord Perth, and was shot through the head at the first fire, the ball entering immediately above the right ear, on the very spot which the apparition touched with its finger.

The remainder of Barbara Stewart's history is too painful to relate. Poor Boig, who left her at last, having neither money nor clothes to come home with, often wept when speaking of her. With regard to the merits of the cause, I know nothing. It was Boig's opinion that his master was the true and lineal heir; and from him I imbibed my ideas. He always admitted, however, that Captain Drummond, then Lord Perth, was an excellent man, a gentleman of high honour and integrity,—indeed, greatly superior to the other in every respect; but never that he was the proper heir.

Never was retaliation on a deceitful lover visited home with such an overpowering intensity.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND, BY A FOREIGNER.

LETTER II.

Paris, December, 1831.

MR. EDITOR,—There is yet another reason why, I should think, English reformers should withdraw their support from the present French administration, whose internal policy is in direct contradiction to that which you should adopt to insure the triumph, or improve the consequences, of Reform. And this leads me into a consideration of the measures of the *juste milieu* ministry, in regard to the home affairs of France.

I need not say that this part of their conduct ought to be no less interesting in your eyes than are the acts of their foreign policy. You well know and feel how close is the connexion which now exists between the reformers of all countries. In fact, the cause of them all is one and the same. It is idle to dispute whether your Reform Bill is, or is not, the offspring of the French revolution of July: a Tory will tell you it is; a Whig will tell you it is not—each having his own reasons for saying so; whilst the mass of your people, under the influence of puerile pride, will rather have it that the triumph of Reform in England has nothing in common with the triumph of the people in France, except their having taken place nearly at the same time. I confess that the Reform Question is old amongst you; so old, indeed, that it had become antiquated. I admit that your minds had been trained to it. I grant that in the general election of 1830 that cause had gained ground, even before the events of July. I know that the carrying of the Catholic Question was a preparatory step to the agitation and carrying of the Reform Question,—that, in consequence of the final settlement of the former, the discussion of the latter became a matter of course; and this for a double reason; first, because a great source of disagreement between the enlightened reformers and the mass of your people was removed: secondly, because the disappointed and enraged Ultra-tories, while they excited the bigotry and fanaticism of your lower, and a great part of your middle orders, thought it proper to win their favour by professions of popular and reforming principles. I am not ignorant that many of your Unions, and principally the Birmingham Union, were in existence some time before the French revolution. All this I am aware of; and yet I maintain that it is to the turn which affairs took in France that you owe your present situation. The Wellington administration fell, not only because they opposed Reform, but likewise because they showed their intention of supporting the Holy Alliance principles in their foreign politics. And even granting that the main cause of their fall was owing to their opposition to Reform, what was it that made their opposition so unpopular? Was it not the triumph of the French people? Was it not that Reform was thought of; not only as a cure for your internal diseases, but also as a preventive remedy which would preclude the possibility of your getting entangled in a war like those of 1793 and 1803? Thus English Reform and French revolution went hand in hand now, as they did in former times: nor need you be ashamed of it. Your example, and that of your children the Americans, were mainly instrumental in effecting the French revolution of 1789; and since that time there has been a constant action and re-action of one country upon the other,—I should rather say of all countries upon each other in their turn, since revolutionary principles have spread over them all. Call it a curse, or call it a blessing—the genius of revolution is abroad, and the civilized world is divided into two classes; one, of his votaries—the other, of his blasphemers. Between them war—open, fierce, uncompromising war is at present engaging; and in the extensive range which hostilities have taken, no battle can be fought without materially affecting the situation of the

contending parties even at the farthest distance. A vote of the Polish Diet, or of the Belgian Congress—nay, a vote of the more inconsiderable legislators of the petty German States, makes itself felt in the debates and decisions of the French Chambers and your Houses of Parliament. The acts of these two latter bodies, and of their leaders, whether ministerialists or oppositionists, are so intimately connected, that no decision can be taken by either of them—nay, still more, no motion can be made, though it be lost, but will affect the debates and decisions of the corresponding parties on the other side of the Channel. This is mere commonplace, you will say; and so it is; but I bring it to mind now, because it bears upon my subject; for the measures of the present ministers of revolutionized France are directed to stem the tide of improvement, to shorten the sum of securities for good government, and to throw discredit upon those principles which are productive of the greatest possible happiness; and, as such, those measures are ill calculated to meet with support from English reformers. There is hardly one speech on the ministerial side of the French Chambers which would not make a pretty good anti-reform speech in the English Parliament. There is hardly one measure of M. Casimir Perier which Sir Robert Peel (alias Half-way, an apt translation of *juste milieu*) might not adopt. And now for proofs:—

Let us take the Peerage Question. There, you may say, I am wrong, because Perier has given up the hereditary peerage. And so he has, but you must have read in what manner. In fact, all his speeches, and those of his supporters, (I do not know that I am using the wrong word, meaning by supporters those who opposed his *projet de loi*,) were in favour of making the peerage hereditary; and they all used their arguments upon grounds which no English reformer, however he might feel inclined to maintain the hereditary peerage in his own country, would dare to choose without forfeiting every title to popular principles or sound knowledge of constitutional theories.

Let us look at the French constituency of two hundred thousand men,¹ with qualifications depending upon taxation, which make the cause of economy to be one and the same with disfranchisement. You will say that this election law works well, and has given France a Chamber which is a very good representation of the country such as it now is. True; but so has your late general election made the present House of Commons, which, by-the-bye, is one of the strongest arguments against Reform in the mouth of the Tories; but that the French election law is bad, no Englishman can deny. Only think of a strong government (and such a government is the prevailing fashion here) with an immense budget, and a multitude of places to dispose of, acting upon such a reduced body of electors, and you may be sure that it will lead to a system of plunder little better, if at all, than that of your unreformed Parliament. Do you not perceive already in this constituency, and the produce of it—the present Chamber, a sinister interest but too well apparent in their late decisions? I am not for universal suffrage every where, but I am certainly for extending the right of suffrage to all those who are likely to make use of it to benefit themselves and the rest of the community. And do you think that the number of these in France is not above two hundred thousand?¹ Yet the French ministers, and their supporters, and their press, are lavish in accusations of radicalism against all those who would make the least addition to the present constituency; yet the French magisterial party say that they are for extending the right of suffrage, but slowly, progressively; and upon this they bid us be patient and wait—in short, they make a prodigal use of that argument so justly called by Mr. Bentham “the snail-paced.” Why, Sir, can you be duped by this fallacy? Do you not know that the system, now adopted in this country, gathers strength from time; that if the body politic, to which

¹ I have given the largest numbers, perhaps 180,000 is nearer the truth.

it has given birth, has been powerful enough in its infancy to baffle the attacks made against it by a recently revolutionized population, it will, in its manhood—when settled into the rights of a favoured *caste*, gorged with the spoils of the disfranchised multitude—proudly domineer over the subject mass, and surround itself with strong defences, which no power, unless it be a new revolution, will be able to break through?

Look at the conduct of Perier and his colleagues in regard to the centralization, or the power of local government. What do you say of the pitiful system which would not allow the towns to elect their own mayors? What of the high qualification required for a vote in electing common-councilmen? And if you look at their *projet de loi sur les conseils départementaux*, you will find in it the same petty jealousy of popular control—the same anxiety to keep in the hands of the rulers abundant means of corruption in the distribution of places—the same reluctance to abandon that busy interference of the government in private or local concerns (though, after all, this is a source of annoyance to the ministers themselves as well as to the governed)—the same attachment to an administration after the imperial model that has been shown by the ministers of an expelled dynasty. I know this centralization has some good points, but they are attended with far greater disadvantages. The liberal opposition, since the restoration, have constantly denounced it as the leading evil in the internal policy of all ministers; yet the present rulers do not appear inclined to give it up.

Look at the improvements introduced into legislation. I confess that, upon this subject, the French are superior to your own ministers, and the reform of the penal code by M. Barthe, though an inconsiderable one, places him under a favourable point of view, when contrasted with the speech of Lord Brougham upon capital punishments. Still the Perier administration have opposed improvements calculated to secure personal liberty and check the power of the government agents. Do you not know that they have objected to any alteration whatever in those laws which afford—I should say, do not afford—protection against arbitrary imprisonment? and yet, under the present circumstances, nothing is half so urgently necessary. The Imperial code of despotism is still in force, whilst large and important rights have been granted to the people; who, when tempted to make use of the latter, not unfrequently find themselves under the pressure of a government and a magistracy invested with almost arbitrary power by the former. Could you—could any Englishman peep into the recesses of Ste. Pelagie, you would be sickened with horror and disgust at the odious sight which would open before you. You would see men—gentlemen you would call them, thrown into dirty cells in solitary confinement (*au secret*), or cast amongst, and treated like common felons, upon a bare suspicion of crime, or, sometimes, only of a misdemeanour; and then set at large without being tried, or allowed a remedy at law which might indemnify them for their sufferings! You probably know that it was one of the worst parts in the imperial or consular system of government that, by making public functionaries irresponsible—or that, which is the same, responsible only to the *conseil d'état*,—it has created an official tyranny not only in the ministers, but in every inferior placeman. And is it thought of amending this? Not indeed by the present ministry.

Look at the wretched trick which annuls every security for good government by occasionally reviving and enforcing revolutionary laws. This is, if not altogether the worst, one of the most reprehensible parts in the conduct of the Perier administration. Since the restoration it has formed one of the most prominent grievances of the people, and furnished the opposition with abundant topics for declamation. You are aware that the various emergencies of the revolution gave birth to different laws, which are here called—*lois d'exception ou de circonstances*. Whether they were or not needed at the time when they were enacted,

in the midst of foreign and civil war, and under the pangs of a convulsion which shook the whole frame of the State, is not to my present purpose. That they make every sort of tyranny legal is but too apparent. Well may Perier and his colleagues boast that they neither ask for extra legal power, nor would accept of it if it were offered! Well may you applaud such noble and constitutional feelings! Why, Sir, they would not take it, because they know they have it. So they win cheap praise for liberality, whilst they have the substantial power in their hands, and have it, moreover, vague and undefined. You may think I am accusing them without sufficient reason; but it is my custom never to bring forward charges without supporting them by evidence. Lately you have heard the ministers say in the Chamber of Deputies that they wished for no laws which would invest them with arbitrary power over foreigners residing in France. A few days after this boast, a proclamation of the *Préfet de Police* placed the unhappy foreigners under the provisions of acts, compared with which your own Alien Bills form a system of perfect liberality and freedom. Those acts being in contradiction to the spirit of the charter ought to be considered as abrogated. It is probable that if ministers had brought forward laws of this description before the present chambers, they could not have passed them without vigorous opposition, such as the Alien Bills always met with in your Houses of Parliament. Yet by having recourse to a revolutionary law, we foreigners stand here precisely upon the same footing as we should be if we lived in a country where the power of the government is absolute. The fact that this assertion of arbitrary power, on the part of the rulers, has passed here unnoticed,¹ because it only affected foreigners, tells little in favour of the liberality of this nation. But another act of this kind has taken place in recent days. You know that, by the present charter, previous censure of writings has been abolished; in consequence of which dramatic performances take place without license, as they did in England before the Act of George II. Notwithstanding this, an order issued by the *Préfet de Police* has forbidden the acting of a play; and that order was grounded likewise upon a revolutionary law. I need not point out the dangers of admitting these principles. By the application of them, in the present case, *la censure* is established for all practical purposes in the very teeth of the laws. By the application of them to other cases, and I do not see how they are not to be made applicable to all cases, every law protecting our personal freedom may be annulled.

This is no idle fear, my dear Sir. You ought to consider that the power of the law is but weak in France—that the minds of the people are but ill trained to a system of strict legality. A proof of this may be found in the present state of the French police. It is indeed in a flourishing situation; it has preserved all its powers unimpaired, and exerts them with its wonted, annoying, mischievous activity;—more than half of the strength of the body-politic, in France, lies in this superfetation;—it is made use of as frequently as it ever was, and for the same ends, and by the hands of the same agents. Yet the Perier administration is talked of as a government acting only through legal and constitutional means.

Look at the conduct followed towards the daily press by these ministers, who are so largely indebted to its unremitting and spirited exertions under the dethroned dynasty. You would shudder at the idea of ministers adopting such a conduct in your own country: happily they could not if they had the wish. In fact, the list of pending prosecutions is a disgrace to this land. Defeat does not cool the zeal of the worthy Attorney-General; compared with whom Sir James Scarlett would dwindle into

¹ M. Combe has recently written a very able letter upon this subject to one of the daily papers. I need not say that M. Combe is an opposition member, and a true friend to the cause of good governments, the principles of which he understands perhaps better than any other individual in France.

nothing, and the glories of old Sir Vicary Gibbs would be sure to fade. Journalists are often ruined even by being acquitted. But you will say the French press transgresses all bounds. It sometimes does, Sir; but without denying that there are cases where prosecutions are allowable, for the press may be made an instrument to work mischief, I boldly deny that, out of the articles prosecuted by M. Persil, there can be selected one-tenth—I should say one-twentieth, which fall within the description. What do you say of prosecuted caricatures? What, but that they prove a total ignorance, or criminal forgetfulness, of those principles upon which the expediency of prosecution is grounded?

Look at the system pursued in regard to education. It is as yet a monopoly in the hands of the government, and its tool—the University.¹

Look at the measures adopted in regard to foreign commerce: M. de Saint Cricq, justly called the French Vansittart, is at the head of the French Board of Trade. Prohibitions flourish, and M. Perier, a monopolist himself, would not listen to doctrines of political economy, which, in their application, might prove injurious to the sale of the produce of his own coal-mines. It is true that people here are extremely ignorant and prejudiced in these matters; yet the ministerial press is found foremost in propagating and advocating bad principles.

Look at the conduct of the present French ministers in regard to public expenditure. O for a French Mr. Hume! he would find abundance of subjects fitted to his own taste and zeal and peculiar abilities. Notwithstanding the proposed sum for the Civil List of the King of the French—a blank to be filled up by the Chambers, it is well known that his ministers wish to have it a large one, and the reasons they adduce in support of their wishes are worthy of their cause. Not long ago their silly evening journal, the *Messenger des Chambres*, praised a very absurd pamphlet, ostensibly written by some wise shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis, in which it is pretended that a large Civil List is a source of prosperity to the country, in so far as it encourages trade and production. This absurdity has been ridiculed in the *Constitutionnel*, by a mock proposal to create a body of *grands consommateurs*, who would be fed by the taxes, and then, by their expenditure, encourage the production and sale of commodities. Still the ministerial writers and speakers of France are not ashamed of avowing and espousing the principles of the shopkeepers of the Rue St. Denis, who, after all, know what their own interest is, and care little for the rest of their countrymen, whilst it is the duty of the government to promote the welfare of the whole of the French people,—shopkeepers, or not shopkeepers, Parisians, or not Parisians. I am aware that the French ministers are subservient, and Louis Philippe is greedy “*et voila la mot de l'enigme*.” But where is the upright firmness they boast of? It is well known that the honourable inflexibility and blunt straightforwardness of the Duke of Wellington more than once checked the extravagance of a no less greedy King, though greedy to throw away, and not to save—a King, moreover, much less reasonable, and, from his more ancient title, better seated upon his throne, and more free in the choice of his servants than the present King of the French is or can be.

And this leads me into another accusation against Perier and his colleagues. They vapour about their independence, and lend themselves to the influence of a *camarilla* (a Spanish word, lately adopted here to mean an influence behind the throne). When the leader of the present ministry assumed the power, he promised that he would take the government of the country into his own hands, and leave to the King only that

¹ Since this was written, M. de Montalivet has brought forward his *projet de loi* upon education. It has good points, and yet it betrays his attachment to the monopoly. M. Montalivet is a politician of the Imperial school, and fond of *la centralization*.

part which your own kings have in general ; that, in short, which constitutional kings, with responsible advisers, ought to possess in a well-constituted government. No such thing has taken place here. The King and the Court still interfere in nearly all the acts of the administration. This is a source of constant mischief. Louis Philippe has some good, and not a few bad, qualities. I am not partial to the man—still less am I his enemy. Upon the whole, I think the French did right in choosing him ; and he seems better qualified to fill the throne than other rival candidates. I confess that the office of king has some disadvantages about it ; for, after all, according to the forcible and felicitous expression of the Emperor Joseph II., “ C’est leur métier d’être royalistes.” Yet I think he might have understood his own situation better than he appears to have done. He is visibly swayed by family connexions ; and the principles of his Queen are known to be averse to revolution, especially in those countries where her own near relations rule with absolute sway. Of his avarice I have already spoken ; and though personally brave, he is a timid politician. He is afraid of losing his crown, and, in his fear, forgets that his only hold consists in his popularity ; that by discountenancing and alienating the popular party, he cannot annihilate it ; that the danger of his being superseded by a republic, or young Napoleon—besides that it is not obviated by his present policy, but rather otherwise—is not greater than that of his being superseded by the expelled dynasty ; and that a war, though it might eventually peril his throne, would more probably secure it from foreign hostility, and, coupled with internal liberal politics, would, almost to a certainty, place it upon a rock. He is a shrewd, sensible, plausibly spoken, and even eloquent man ; simple in his habits, pliant in his politics, and not inattentive to his own interest. Upon the whole, I think, he falls far short of your own patriotic William, hitherto the best model, the *beau idéal* of a constitutional monarch,—a praise I feel more delight in awarding him, as coming from me, who neither am his subject, nor have at present any probability of living again in that country which he blesses with his sway, it cannot be suspected of being the language of flattery, or even of political partisanship. Yet, such as Louis Philippe is, I think a patriotic, straightforward, firm ministry might do wonders with him. Under Perier’s influence he is losing his popularity, and very fast too.

Now, after this review of the measures of the French ministers—measures which many liberal-minded Englishmen approve of, but would reject with scorn if applied to their own country, let us see what is the state of public opinion which they have generated.

Ministers have excited, and do foster, feelings unfavourable to the cause of good government. By practising upon the fears of the timid and the hopes of the corrupt, they have made the extension of securities for good government unpopular with a large proportion of the French people. You hear, now, good institutions cried down because, forsooth, they are theories ; that is to say—because their advantages may be proved. You hear many of the best meaning and most enlightened men of France stigmatized as ambitious agitators, bloody jacobins, or good-natured fools. You hear doctrines upon government advocated which lead to uphold every sort of misrule. You hear peace praised, not upon generous and sound principles, but upon maxims of revolting selfishness, as if the whole world were to be sacrificed provided France should be left unmolested,—a miserable doctrine, since that selfishness is known to defeat its own end. In their paroxysm of moderation, the French moderate men shudder at the idea of change, though change be improvement. While taxing their adversaries with being violent, they themselves show that rage, the basest of all—the rage produced by fear and selfishness. The people here are apt to run into extremes :—Because they once were too gay and volatile, and over civil—they now affect sullenness and, not

seldom, coarseness of manner. Because they once liked a certain stiff, mis-called classical, style in literature, they are now for ranting and raving, and sinking into the lowest depths. Because they overstepped all bounds in their first revolution, they would not move at a regular pace in the present,—nay, would sometimes prefer to retrace their steps that they may show they are wise. Because they once too much abused your institutions, they would now dress themselves in your cast-off clothes. Depend upon it, many of the French *juste milieu* men avow principles which, for their illiberality, would hardly suit your Tories. Their ruling doctrine is nearly the same. The result of this is a state of things pregnant with danger. It is in such a torpid state of the body politic that the poison of treason is generated and grows upon the constitution.

On the other side an opposition has been created, which is likewise of a highly dangerous nature. Those men who wish for the amelioration of their own institutions, or a foreign policy more firm and generous, are found leagued with those who would have anarchy at home and a war for conquest abroad. They address themselves to the same passions—they run upon the same topics; and, heated by controversy, their arguments, calculated to gain favour with the multitude, are unfortunately of an inflammatory kind. The inflammable part of the people listen to them with too fatal an effect; and France, which in July 1830 bade fair to begin a new era in politics, now vibrates between a repetition of the restoration or a renewal of the revolution.

Can these dangers be obviated? I think we are yet in time. In this work your country has a noble part to perform: I invoke your assistance. One of the main props of the Perier administration is the favourable opinion in which they are held by you. One of the causes of your being disliked by the opposition (I always mean the reasonable part of them) is your support of the present ministry, because it is thought that your supporting them is a proof of your enmity to France, the external power of which you wish to see curtailed, whilst at the same time you are equally anxious to check the growth of her liberal institutions. You may do wonders by uniting with the liberal oppositionists, and lending them a helping hand in their glorious labours. Your press is called on to do much; and your knowledge of the true state of affairs here will probably direct your press to assume the proper tone. Divest yourselves of your prejudices, and set coolly to inquire whether a more liberal system pursued in France, and spreading over the Continent, will not assist you in your work of Reform. If you are convinced of it, say so boldly, and say it over and over again. The times are favourable for carrying into effect an extensive plan of amelioration. This is the era when popular opinion is the lord of the ascendant; and nowhere is it so free, so bold, so communicative, as in your own happy country: there it now rules uncontrolled. Your ministers, with all their good and bad qualities about them—with all their great merits and services to the good cause, are, under the influence of the existing circumstances, little better than straws carried to and fro in the whirlwind of public opinion. The power is yours, and you can be actuated by no sinister motives. This is the time to do away with many national prejudices and petty jealousies of routine politicians. Think less of the balance of power, and more of the diffusion of happiness. But I need not frighten you; the balance of power can be preserved: it has undergone many alterations; it must and will undergo new ones. Europe is in the way to a new settlement, and your opposition may disturb, but not prevent, it. Try to take a part in it, instead of wasting your strength away in fruitless efforts to preserve the old one unimpaired, or only very slightly amended.

To get rid of vague generalities, and come to something tangible, let me state the plan which, in my humble opinion, ought to be pursued by your liberal writers, who, though they be good Englishmen and love

their country, and fear and dislike the ambition of their neighbours, yet feel deeply interested in the progress of social regeneration.

You should advocate the cause of the opposition men in France upon those grounds where they are right: you should uphold the cause of more extensive reform and better institutions than the French are as yet possessed of. You should support the patriotic deputies and patriotic writers, who still demand further securities for good government, and a more liberal system of administration than France has hitherto obtained: by so doing the influence of the English press here would be increased. Your exertions would be highly useful if you should trace a broad line of separation between the sound and unsound principles upon which the *parti du mouvement* ostensibly act: thus you would do a service to the truly liberal, and place the conduct of the ambitious under its proper light.

You should oppose the conduct of your own ministers in sticking to the protocol, or Holy Alliance system of politics. This, my dear Sir, is really monstrous; it is an abomination. Coming from the Whigs, who have so often and so loudly condemned those acts of tyranny of the stronger towards the weaker powers, it is shockingly inconsistent: coming from the French liberals, who have been more than once the victims of such arts, it is revoltingly absurd. It is unjust in principle, dangerous in practice, and inapplicable to the present times. It may prevent the instantaneous growth, but is sure to nourish and strengthen ultimately the seeds of revolution. Such a system must be upheld by large armies, and therefore will necessarily produce unhappiness and insecurity, and at length end in war.

You should oppose, I say, this system, and declare for the principles of foreign politics entertained by the French opposition. War might be their immediate consequence; but, besides that it can be prevented, in case it should come—and how wretched are your present securities against its coming!—it may be rendered not only innocuous, but actually advantageous to England. This may take place in two different ways: one of them is, by your keeping aloof, sincerely and absolutely keeping aloof from the contest: the other is, by taking the right side in it; either by throwing the weight of your influence in the scale of the continental liberals, or acting in unison with them, even to the extent of mixing in the war.

I do not object to your following the first course; yet I see there are many prejudices, and some dangers too, which stand in the way of it. I say prejudices—because, considering your insular situation, you have little to do with continental politics; and by cultivating a friendly intercourse with your neighbours, and taking care of your own navy, you would be always sure to be left in peace to produce and trade, and thrive unmolested and undisturbed by those you had neither annoyed nor provoked. But, notwithstanding these considerations, no ordinary English politician would think his country was safe if an overgrown power should be formed on the opposite shores of the British seas. I say dangers—because in such a system of absolute and sincere neutrality, the least departure, however inconsiderable, from the principle, would entail upon you the combined evils of interference and neglect. Now, as such departures are almost inevitable, and the impartiality and philosophical temper required to adhere strictly to the principle, can hardly be expected from your rulers, I think that perfect neutrality neither is likely to be your plan of conduct, nor is it one which could be safely recommended.

Then let us consider what you might do by following the second course:

I take it for granted that you cannot play the game of 1793 over again. The circumstances of the Continent have changed—so has your own in-

ternal situation. The Spirit you then tried to crush was as yet in his cradle: in spite of opposition, and successful opposition, which for a while seemed to have put an end to his existence, and really did check his development, he is grown to a giant. To oppose him at the present day would lead to your own overthrow and ruin. He is not only strong—he is immortal. You might think you had conquered him, and exult in some temporary success; but he would rise again fiercer, stronger than ever, and crush you to atoms.

But if to oppose him would be madness and folly, to assist him will be wise policy. You see this Spirit in France: you view him with fear; thinking that his progress and the power of the French empire are one and the same thing.

And so it is, my dear Sir, while you follow your present line of politics. But this Spirit is not necessarily the ally of France: he may become your own friend and ally, if you would but court his favour and propitiate him.

The union of the despotic powers against France is both a source of weakness and a source of strength to this country. It may now depend upon a host of allies in every part of the world—a host consisting of the patriot and the factious, the ambitious and the noble-minded. All these wish for a change, though they wish it upon different grounds; all are friendly to France, and especially to the French opposition party.

Now is not England happily situated to share this power, which France has at present to herself alone? Could not England act in concert with those allies to whom I have just now alluded? Ought she not to declare for them—that is, for the people?

You will do me the justice to believe that I little desire any increase of the power of France which may prove injurious to the independence of other countries; but you must feel convinced that, under the existing circumstances, it is the duty—the imperious duty of every friend to the popular cause to wish well to France, and to feel anxious that she should triumph over her enemies; as it is, likewise, to wish well to the French opposition men, and to feel anxious that they should triumph over the present ministers.

At the same time, if England is employed in propping the Holy Alliance system, you must feel convinced that it is the duty—the painful duty of every friend to the cause of social amelioration to wish that she may be baffled and defeated.

But mark how easy and how advantageous it would be to put an end to this state of feeling:

You may do it by lending your assistance, either directly or indirectly, to the cause of “revolution.” I make use of this word on purpose—for why should I dissemble and palliate? And however frightful the thing may appear to you now, you still boast of your own glorious revolution.

I say more: you may take the lead in this work; acting not exactly in close union with, still less in opposition to, France, but in a spirit of noble rivalry. You would do her a benefit—you would do a greater one to your own selves.

Suppose the two Peninsulas, Italy and Spain, under a good—meaning hereby, representative—government; suppose Poland restored to a nation, and Germany constitutionalized, what would be the consequences?

To France this would give additional securities for the undisturbed possession of the benefits of the late revolution, as well as for the cultivation of the arts of peace. It would deprive her of a pretext for, and an excitement to, war. By disarming her enemies, it would also disarm the ambitious spirits which she has within, and instil better feelings into the mass of the population—a result equally beneficial to the French and tranquilizing to their neighbours.

To England it would afford an additional guarantee against such an increase of the French power and influence as might be productive of consequences injurious to her own interest, or, at any rate, of suspicious and uncomfortable feelings. Over well-governed neighbours, France could exert no bad influence; the French territory would be fenced with strong barriers, and the people would be less under the influence of temptation to engage in wars with diminished chances of success.

To both countries—nay, to most countries, it would afford an additional assurance of a permanent peace, and the manifold blessings which are the consequences of it. These are undoubtedly great blessings, and might, and certainly would, be rendered still more so by friendly intercourse—a communication of the internal improvements of each of them to the others, and a liberalized and judicious system of commercial legislations.

Perhaps you will say that I am indulging in Utopian visions: but pray tell me what is Utopian? Do we not live in an age of wonders? And who can say what wonders a future age will give birth to? Are not our realities in some respects far beyond the anticipations of our forefathers? That which was Utopian but a short time ago is now become plain matter of fact; and I am sure a future governor of Tilbury Castle will far outstrip our present Platos and Mores.

Internal politics are changing with amazing rapidity; international politics cannot be fated to remain stationary. Legislation is undergoing a complete revolution; the law of nations must feel the effects of it. A new distribution of power amongst the component parts of each State is taking place; a new distribution of power amongst the several States must be its necessary consequence. The revolution effected by religious reformation made itself felt upon the political state of Europe; the revolution effected by political reform has already made, and will still more make, itself felt upon the political state of the world. We must have a new and more enlarged treaty of Westphalia.

In this you should lend a hand. Of the most eligible means you may adopt, in case you should lend your co-operation, you will judge better than I can. I am afraid you have two obstacles to overcome: the one, relating to your notions of foreign politics; the other, to your sentiments respecting the state of parties in France.

Methinks you stick too much to old-fashioned maxims respecting the advantages of Austrian alliance. I perceive that this notion pervades and directs the acts of your present ministry—aye, even of a ministry of which Lord Holland is a member. You know that Austrian politics are illiberal, and cannot be otherwise. You also know that Austrian alliance has ever proved fatal to France, and that there is against it a general feeling here which I cannot call altogether a prejudice. By connecting yourselves with Austria you renounce a close connexion with France, and withdraw your support from the cause of the people all over the Continent. Could you detach Prussia from her alliance with Russia, she and France would be your best allies. A liberal interest (because elements for a representative government exist in Prussia) would be created. There would then be the Reform alliance, as there was the Protestant alliance.

In supporting the opposition principles in France, you will perhaps be afraid of connecting yourselves with a minority. I grant that at the present moment the French ministers have the majority of the people in their favour. But this cannot last: the tide runs against them—the world is in motion, and the *parti de la resistance* must yield at last or be swept away by the current. Who could have said, but a short time ago, that a large majority of your nation would declare for a full and efficient Reform in Parliament? Yet the elements of that majority were in existence. Thus it is in France; the *parti du mouvement* will soon become a large majority.

What a glorious prospect lies before you ! That you may prove worthy of the present circumstances is my earnest wish. I repeat I am partial to your country, and hope she will act a noble part to her own and the common advantage.

It is time to finish.—I am not presumptuous enough to suppose that I may be able to produce an impression upon the public. Yet all that I have said in these pages has, besides the merit of impartiality, that of novelty, inasmuch as it is the opinion of a foreigner actuated by no national partialities when speaking of England and France ; knowing a little of both countries ; honestly and zealously interested in the common happiness ; and, if not an impartial judge, at least an accurate and faithful reporter. I am aware I shall be laughed at, if I am honoured with being listened to ; but I shall answer the scoffers in the words of the Athenian to the Spartan general—"Strike, but hear !"

With every feeling of regard, I remain,

My dear Sir,

Ever yours truly, &c.

A FOREIGNER.

THE SANCTITY OF THE DEAD—DISSECTION.

WHEN the public have fully possessed themselves of a well-conditioned prejudice, it is no easy matter to induce them to part with it. There is something so very consoling in the conscious possession of an idea, no matter whether it be good for any thing or not, and there is so much difficulty in replacing it when lost, that instruction is very generally resented as an injury ; and it is sufficient to hint to the many the possibility that they are in error, in order to incur their suspicion and dislike. Perpetual dropping, however, will wear away a stone ; and perseverance, after the lapse of a century or so, may do much in persuading mankind to attempt the task of thinking for themselves. Those who have given their time to the up-hill pursuit of attacking prejudices have discovered that nations are not always equally obtuse, but exhibit what may be called fits of easy transmission ; during which more way is made for truth at a single effort, than, in a less happy disposition of the public mind, can be cleared in a long series of years. Of these fits, events are great provocatives ; and it would not be difficult to show that the weak part of all conservative systems is their inadequacy to control the chapter of accidents.

A luciferous event of this nature is the recent trial of the body-snatchers for murder ; and the present moment appears to be one of those "*mollia tempora fandi*," in which the public will bear a little lecturing on their horrors and extravagancies concerning dissection and the violation of the dead. The ill consequences of the universal and Bæotian darkness which prevails on this subject have, in fact, festered to such a malignity of corruption, as has already excited a very general conviction that "something must be done ;" which is the approved formula for that confession of ignorance and helplessness in society, which precedes an effort at thought.

To remedy the evils by which the practice of dissection is surrounded, a mere act of the legislature is not sufficient. Unless the people will consent to study their own interests in anatomy, and

learn to look upon the dead with a reasonable and philosophic eye, no enactment approaching to common sense will be tolerated. The mischiefs arising from an illegal supply of the dissecting-room will continue unabated, science will be imperfectly pursued, and the practices of the body-snatchers, like those of the poachers, will spread a collateral depravity throughout the whole sphere of their contact and influence. It is a humiliating truth in morals, that the occasion makes the thief, and that nothing more is wanting than an adequate temptation to plunge humanity into the most fearful crimes. As long as human subjects shall produce a high price in the market, they will be sought for, no matter at what hazard. Every attempt at impeding the operations of the grave-robber is therefore a direct incentive to murder. The late trials have widely spread abroad the knowledge, that this crime can be committed by means which leave few or no indications of violence behind; and this knowledge is in itself a powerful temptation to the needy and the depraved. Neither is this instruction merely afforded to the body-snatcher, whose operations would in some degree be controlled by the zeal and intelligence of the anatomist he serves: the secret has gone forth for the service of felons of every description,—from the midnight robber to the jealous Othello, or the impatient and legacy-anticipating George Barnwell. Let the human mind become familiarized with these methods of removing troublesome persons from the scene, and natural feelings will oppose but a feeble barrier to the frequency of this worst of crimes; every path of life will be beset with terrors; suspicion will haunt the nightly couch; and the dearest ties of society become merely the grounds for additional distrust. Of the numerous murders which are daily brought to trial, how few would have been discovered if a scientific process of death had been substituted for the throat-cutting and shooting by which they were actually effected! Nor does the evil stop here. As soon as the facility of concealing blood-guiltiness shall become an article of popular knowledge or belief, no man's character will be safe in whose house a sudden death shall occur. It will be sufficient that he profits by the succession—that he is named in the will, to be pointed at as a murderer. Insinuations will be whispered, possibilities tacked together, and calumnies brooded over, against which innocence is no defence, but which will attach through life, and make misery in proportion as the accused is refined, high-minded, and sensitive. After these suggestions, it may appear trifling to insist upon the minor evils which the existing laws occasion, in compelling the rising members of a numerous profession to come into contact with the lowest of their species. But a high-toned morality in the medical practitioner is of no trifling import to the happiness of the species; and that the professional youth should be familiarized with acts unlawful, if not wrong, and habituated to scenes of vulgar debauchery and brutal recklessness, is a consideration which cannot be passed over in contemptuous indifference.

Respecting the utility of dissection, there are few perhaps who have not some vague and general notions. Most persons are aware that the maladies of the living can only be studied at the expense of the dead. The most ignorant old woman, who opens her eyes to the

widest stretch of rotundity at the bare mention of a "notomy," is desirous of being treated with skill when she breaks her collar-bone in a fit of gin or jealousy; and she would be shocked at the very idea of being sent to her grave before her time, because the apothecary could not distinguish between her lungs and her liver: and this is pretty much the extent of information among those who claim to be her intellectual superiors. The education even of the highest classes has been so exclusively busied with Greek particles and fantastical theology, that our best scholars would scarcely know they had a stomach, if not reminded of the fact by an occasional indigestion. The nature and extent of the relation which subsists between anatomy and medical science is a secret confined almost exclusively to the profession. The noble legislators, the patients of St. John Long, give fearful evidence of the profundity of the ignorance of their class, and their miserable unfitness to legislate for the occasion. Here and there a curious inquirer, or what is called a general reader, may indeed see more clearly the sources of a surgeon's knowledge, and appreciate more justly his anatomical labours; but even these look no further. They consider the means of obtaining instruction to be altogether the business of the student; they cherish their own horrors of dissection, call for patent coffins and penal laws, and talk of the respect which is due to the sanctuaries of the dead, as loudly as the most ignorant and imbecile.

One consequence of this prevailing ignorance is the common opinion that anatomy is too closely cultivated. To hear the declaimers on this theme, it might be imagined that the process is one of great amusement and agreeability; and that surgeons and their apprentices addict themselves to a secret indulgence at the public expense, which is untasted by the less luxurious part of mankind. For dissection, as for all other practices, there can be but two sets of motives—the useful and the pleasant; and whatever exceeds the demands of the first must of necessity be referred to the second. Assuredly, if people do dissect for the indulgence of a morbid appetite, their case is not much better than that of the goules and vampires, and they ought to be restrained by pains and penalties from such an unnatural indulgence. But is this the truth? Is there, in the practice of anatomy, any thing so very agreeable that it should be followed for itself alone, and independently of the profitable results which are expected from its culture? Seriously and honestly, I beg to answer in the negative, and to assure my worthy friends, the *profanum vulgus*, both high and low, that there is nothing in a dissecting-room from which the most hardened *habitué* does not retreat at the earliest moment, when he has obtained the information he requires. Practical anatomy, at best, is a loathsome, fatiguing, cold, monotonous, and tiresome piece of business, requiring the strongest excitements of professional zeal for its endurance; and the proof is, that those of the profession who look to it only as a fee-taking process, and care little whether they kill or cure, dissect as little as possible, trusting to books and plates for such scraps of imperfect knowledge as serve to save appearances, and to prevent coarse and cognizable errors. It is only a select few, who, influenced by an awful sense of responsibility, or a lofty ambition of pro-

fessional distinction, bear up against the tedium and disgust of the operation, and continue their dissections after having obtained a licence to practise. It is not from superabundant dissection that the public have any thing to fear, but from the difficulties and embarrassments which impede its due cultivation. Anatomical knowledge, even at the present day, is far less widely diffused, and less extensively pursued, than the interests of physic require. Medicine, though commonly regarded as a conjectural art, and as a sort of metaphysical investigation, is, or ought to be, altogether a science of facts, of which a sound philosophy is the essential basis. There is not a single one of these facts, concerning which ignorance is not a frequent cause of pain, crippling, and death. It is to examinations after death that the whole body of real, positive knowledge concerning disease is attributable. Without it, the physician is a mere conjuror, and as unworthy of credit as any other impostor. For the greater operations of surgery, the most intimate acquaintance with the structure of the body is essential; a mere slip of the knife making all the difference between life and death. For preserving this knowledge, when thoroughly acquired,—if, indeed, such could ever be the case,—a frequent revision is strictly necessary; and, to maintain practical dexterity, operations must frequently be repeated on the dead subject, by every surgeon who does not practise in the hospitals of a great city, where accidents are frequent and diseases common. It is a gross error, however, to imagine that anatomy is of less importance in the ordinary every-day business of surgery than in the more striking operations. Even in the commonest of its processes—the drawing blood from the arm, fatal and horrible consequences may, and do, arise from anatomical ignorance, and a confidence in routine dexterity. If, then, the practice of anatomy were as open and unimpeded as the operations of the dancing-school, the art would not be cultivated as it should be. How can it, therefore, be supposed that superfluous dissection occurs, when, in addition to the physical loathsomeness, are accumulated the moral disgusts of legal impediment, and the enormous expenditure of money caused by the dangers and difficulties in procuring subjects? If the enemies of dissection will but take the pains to reflect on these things, they may at length perhaps discover that the surgeon does not stand precisely in the immoral and reprobate condition of men doing illegal acts for their own private profit and gratification; and that he does not exactly deserve to be pumped on like a pickpocket, or pelted with rotten eggs like a regrater and monopolist.

In the present state of public opinion, the application of a due remedy for this evil by legislative means is a matter of great delicacy and difficulty. To superstitious prejudice there is no effectual opponent except knowledge. But knowledge is of slow development; and it must itself become habitual, before it can obliterate the most trivial and fantastic absurdity of the nursery. Many a philosopher, to whom the beatitude of "*rerum cognoscere causas*" may be largely attributed, carries to his grave the fears of darkness and its imaginary concomitants, derived in his infancy. The associations of the passions with particular ideas are the least easily subjected to reason; they operate mechanically, instinctively, and

without the obvious intervention of any train of thought. This is very nearly the state of mind with the most free-thinking persons on the subject of the dead. Reason, indeed, tells them that the body, when deprived of life, is insensible to pain or insult—that it is a mere mass of inanimate clay—that it has lost all moral identity with the beloved person whom it represents—and that, consequently, the ideas of exposure, indecency, and disrespect, usually attached to the business of dissection, are no more applicable to the dead subject, than to a pictured representation of a departed friend. This, indeed, they know; but they do not feel it. Long habit has associated, with the visible form of the deceased, deep emotions of love, veneration, or regard; and these emotions arise unbidden, and fill the bosom with an irrepressible sentiment of horror at the idea of outrage committed on the body so circumstanced. It is said that this respect for the dead is a natural feeling; and so indeed it is,—natural to the ignorance in which social man is still preserved. We ridicule the imbecile devotee who converted the inexpressibles of a saint into an object of adoration; but the current idolatry of a corpse is not a whit less superstitious, or less founded in erroneous notions of its state and relations. Strange, too, that the Christian, who places his identity in a spiritual soul, and regards the mortal spoil as a mere discarded vestment, should be most infected with this weakness; while the Epicurean, to whom the body is all, is for the most part free from it! Something also depends upon a religious feeling. The notion of consecrated ground has been made a source of profit to the Church, and it is guarded with all the jealousy of a vested right. The Catholics, more especially, consider the resting in unblest or holy earth as by no means indifferent to the condition of the soul. The practice of exhumation, rendered necessary by the unprovided wants of the surgeon, jars too harshly with this idea for toleration; and the vague and unintelligible, but not less formidable, epithet of “sacrilegious” has added fresh atrocity to the imputed criminality of the dissector. To such notions, however, the anatomist must bow. It is too much for any man to condemn of sovereign authority the religious opinions of his neighbour, or to violate a prejudice because it seems ridiculous. On the contrary, it would be good policy in every anatomical teacher to procure consecrated ground for the reception of the subject when he has done with it. Such a deference to opinion would materially loosen the existing apprehensions and hostility of the people. If anatomy should by legal enactment be rendered, as it ought, an open and lawful pursuit, arrangements might readily be made to dissect first, and bury afterwards; and no irreverent disregard to religion would then be suspected or feared in the process.

Against an opinion thus inveterate, time alone can operate; but the necessity for some law that will conciliate the wants of the anatomist with the general safety is immediate. Any regulations directly thwarting popular prejudice would totally fail in practice. Opinion is more mighty than law, and its strongholds are not so to be forced. The rich would evade the law, and the poor would be strengthened in their abhorrence of dissection by finding it thus visited upon them as a consequence of their destitution. On the

contrary, direct legislation against the body-snatcher, or attempt at throwing impediments in the way of anatomy, is too absurd even for the excited fanaticism of the existing moment. Every one knows that anatomy must continue; that it is as impossible, as it would be absurd, to suppress it; and while bodies continue in demand, repressive legislation will but increase the hazards of the trade, and, by raising the prices in the market, increase the temptations to murder, which it is the business of the legislature to remove. It is by legalizing the operation, and opening fresh facilities for the lawful obtainment of bodies, that the requisite security is alone to be sought. The desired law, then, must be a temporizing and modified enactment, and rather calculated to undermine the existing prejudices, and to open facilities, than to force them. Its general basis should be, the giving the citizen a property in his own body, and conferring a legal right to demise it for dissection, notwithstanding any opposition of surviving friends. At present, the demise of the body is not obligatory on the executor, since the non-burial of a corpse after a certain time is a misdemeanour at law. If the law on this point were changed, the poor and the profligate might alone, at first, avail themselves of the permission; yet gradually the public would accustom themselves to the idea; shame would cease to attach to the practice; and, if a subsequent decent burial were made a peremptory obligation in the transfer, there would in time be afforded a larger supply of subjects than the utmost wants of the profession would demand. To facilitate the voluntary proffer of subjects, it is of much importance that the legislature itself should attach no disgrace to dissection. The consignment of the corpses of murderers to the surgeon's knife keeps alive all the vague terrors attached to the operation, and is perhaps one of the most efficient of the existing impediments to the business of dissection. On the same principle is it most desirable that the law should not make dissection a punishment of poverty, by forcibly transferring the poor-house or hospital corpses to the anatomist. It does, at first sight, seem reasonable that he who has received the last attentions in disease at the public expense should make some return to society by this surrender of his body. But the argument is more specious than real: and, what is worse, by making a different law for the poor and for the rich it would foster existing prejudices, and do more harm than service to anatomy. It has been suggested that all unclaimed bodies should be abandoned to the dissector; and against this practice the same objection would not hold. The feelings of the survivors would not be hurt, and the usage would not touch individuals closely enough to excite a morbid attention in the public mind to the subject. To a limited degree such an enactment would be serviceable, though it would not suffice for the demands of science. After all that can be done by law, some body-snatching will still remain to be tolerated; and wisdom should lead the authorities to avoid every possible occasion for dragging the practice into evidence. The only effectual means, however, of reconciling the public to dissection would be the dissemination of physiological knowledge among the people; a circumstance in itself desirable for manifold reasons. It would be well worth the while of the metropolitan teachers of anatomy to give a

short gratuitous outline course, of some ten or twelve lectures every sessions, to the members of Mechanics' Institutions and to decent operatives. Their beautiful collections of preparations should also be freely offered to public inspection; when a well-insinuated contrast between this embalming of the deceased, and the horrors of the tomb, the worm, the beetle, and the rat, would go far in reconciling the spectator to the practice. It is the strangeness of these ideas that makes them formidable, more than any real terror that properly belongs to them. The influence of the upper and educated classes might profitably be brought to bear against the prejudice. The medical profession might and ought to contribute their example. Dr. Macartney, Professor of Anatomy at Trinity College, Dublin, has procured the signatures of some hundreds of enlightened individuals to a deed of gift of their bodies; and he pays a commendable attention to freeing his dissecting-schools from as much of the disgusts, dirt, and factitious terrors, as possible; an attention which should be universal with teachers. Great good likewise might be effected by a judicious and plain statement of the case laid before the public by the Useful Knowledge Society. The incidental benefits of such instruction would extend even beyond the immediate object in view. But it is useless to pursue the matter further: enough has been said to indicate the spirit in which any new law on anatomy should be conceived, and to point out the way in which opinion should be attacked by those who profess to lead it, in order to bring the minds of Englishmen to a sounder and more rational view of their own interests in the question. M.

SECRET LOVE.

"O BREATHE not the name," nor awaken the thought,
That absence in vain to forgetfulness dooms;
More ardently Love, with calamity fraught,
In secret the heart's dreary cavern illumines.

But it lets not the worldlings discover the spark,
So jealous lest coldness should deaden the flame;
As when clouds interpose—the horizon is dark,
While the radiance beyond is for ever the same.

By constancy nourish'd, it struggles through tears,
Till the rainbow of Hope in the distance is seen;
Then Love's vivid light, long obscured by its fears,
Bursts forth a bright Sun, in its glory serene.

U.

LIFE OF A SAILOR.—No. VIII.¹

WE returned to our station, and the commodore took a run to windward. He was fortunate as to one capture; so that, considering we were condemned to that cruising-ground for four months, we had not done very badly. As Sir Peter Parker's name and fame are justly dear to the English navy, I shall mention one or two of his attacks while off Toulon, and after he had become the senior officer of the blockading squadron. The first desperate affair we had was during the time we were left alone to watch the fleet; and this circumstance ought to have been our safeguard against any wanton attacks on the enemy; for had we been captured, the enemy's fleet might have put to sea, and sailed round the world before they could have been tracked. One morning we espied a frigate and a store-ship running down by the "little pass," endeavouring to get into Toulon. Immediately, of course, we made sail to cut them off: they, being to windward, very wisely hauled their wind, and kept under easy sail until the French fleet in Toulon got under weigh to escort them: in the mean time we made sail to windward. When the fleet were clear of Cape Sepet, the French frigate bore up, and we immediately made all sail in-shore, keeping the *Menelaus* a little off the wind, which blew rather fresh, and which gave us the advantage of advancing at the rate of nine knots an hour. By this time the whole line of the French fleet stood out to sea, with the exception of about four sail of the line, which continued under easy sail a little to windward of their port. We were soon within gun-shot of our friends, who hugged the shore. The batteries commenced the action, the very first shot striking our fore-topmast about three feet above the cap, and cutting the mast nearly in half; the fore-topsail was instantly lowered, and the jib hauled down. The frigate now gave three cheers, hoisted her colours, and treated us to a broadside, which did no damage, and which was directed in no very masterly style. We were now within pistol-shot, when the master reported that the van-ship of the French line had tacked and was looking to windward of us, and that, as it was impossible to keep the ship very close to the wind on account of the wounded fore-topmast, we should be cut off unless we immediately wore and stood out. Sir Peter's blood was warm—we had stood about a dozen broadsides, and he was resolved he would have a little revenge; we therefore bore up, kept alongside of our enemy, and gave him such a salute that down went his main-topsail: the peak was shot away, and the whole scene on board the French frigate was one of confusion and noise. In vain did the master show our dangerous situation; we were now fairly cut off, and thirteen sail of the line were standing towards us. "Another broadside," cried the captain; "steady on the main-deck, and take good aim—that's all right." "We must really wear, Sir," said the master, "for we are getting very close to the shore, and we never can lay to the windward of the fleet."

¹ We regret to say that our next Number will contain the last of these interesting papers.

"One more broadside," was the only answer; and so completely lost to the danger was the captain, that he only thought of boarding the French frigate. He suddenly was convinced not a moment was to be lost; we wore off shore, contrived to fish the fore-topmast enough to bear the jib, and out we stood to face our numerous foes. In the mean time the batteries took advantage of our retreat; the French frigate continued her fire, and had she hauled off in chace we must have been captured. We steered for the van-ship of the enemy's line, an eighty-gun ship. It was now evident enough that the captain had very little prospect of saving his frigate from the already extended jaws of his enemy, and he therefore began to make the necessary arrangements for a change of situation in life. I was quartered at the eight after-guns on the main-deck, and consequently had the right to walk the captain's cabin on the present occasion. I was standing aft, looking out of the stern-windows at our late antagonist, when Captain Parker came below; he appeared just as unconcerned as if he were in security, and called for his clerk with as much composure as if it were to write a common dispatch. The clerk came, and was desired to bring the captain's desk, which had been removed during our clearing for action. The captain took his letters therefrom and coolly destroyed them: I overheard him remark—"They never shall read her letters, happen what may." This done, the private signals were taken on deck, placed in the box with the weights; and once more the captain took his usual station on the carronade slide, abreast of the wheel. My companion at quarters had been a prisoner at Verdun once, and seemed by no means anxious to try it again: he recommended me to put on my thickest shoes, as the walk would be long and the road bad; telling me at the same time that the gens d'armes were accustomed to tie their prisoners in a long line, the foremost man being fastened to a horse's tail, and that tired or not tired the continued walk was inevitable: at the same time he hinted that putting on an extra shirt, and placing a pair or two of stockings in one's pocket, was very advisable. The crew looked with the same dark eye upon our situation, but they knew very well that we had plenty of work to do before we thought of surrendering—more than once I overheard the desponding remarks of some of our veterans. In the mean time we neared our adversaries. We were about two miles distant from the leading ship of the enemy's line, when she tacked and shortened sail, being then a little on our lee-bow: the whole line of the French fleet did the same, as they came in the leading ship's wake, while the in-shore squadron filled up the gap between the shore and the ships. As we were obliged to keep rather free on account of the wounded fore-topmast, the enemy's fleet all looked to windward of us; and it was evident that we should have to run along the whole line at pistol-shot distance, or attempt to cut through it; this last being merely such a desperate shift as nothing but a miracle could terminate prosperously. As the French line had tacked in succession, we were shortly abreast of the sternmost ship of their line, both being on the larboard tack; when, to the captain's excessive joy, the fleet kept away about a point and a half, steering parallel to us. We were first kindly saluted by the whole

broadside of a three-decker, not one single shot of which struck us, and, indeed, I verily believe that half the guns were not shotted. We never returned this, as firing is likely to put down the wind, and at that moment the harder it blew the better for us. Along the whole line we ran, every ship we passed firing her broadside, and acting in the only manner they could to allow us to escape. Had they made more sail as we came up, they must have taken us; but by some extravagancy of idleness, or want of common nautical knowledge, they still kept under their topsails and jibs, going about five knots, while we had every stitch set the ship would bear, and were flying through the water. Each ship as we passed was nearer to us than the one we had already passed, and each remembered we were an enemy's frigate, and fired away as long as their guns would bear. At last we came alongside of the headmost ship: we were now nearly safe, provided our masts remained untouched, and no chance shot whipped away a spar: not a word was heard on board of us as the broadside of this eighty-gun ship whistled over our heads. The master was steering the ship with the steadiness of an experienced sailor, determined not to lose an inch of ground, and we had passed the beam of our enemy, when he relinquished the wheel to the quarter-master. At this moment the enemy ceased firing, and the whole fleet began to make all sail. We edged away about a point in order to get right a-head of our antagonist; which having effected, we took the liberty to return a shot or two from our stern-chasers. As the weight aft did not assist our speed, the guns were removed, the men ordered to lie down at their quarters; and very shortly we, thanks to the superior sailing of the *Menelaus*, were a mile and more a-head of our enemies.

As nothing but the greatest good fortune had kept the fore-topmast standing, which now began to complain in consequence of the increased force of the wind, we were obliged to edge away about two points more; and the gabies of Frenchmen, instead of bearing up immediately, when they might have neared us again, kept on the same course until in our wake; when they bore up in chace again. At last we got them right before the wind, and instantly began to shift the fore-topmast, keeping all our studding-sails on the mainmast. This was our worst point of sailing, and it was evident that they gained upon us: we were by no means out of the scrape, and all our activity was requisite to get ready for a little more sail. It seemed magic to our enemies: we had another fore-topmast up, the top-gallantmast all right, and sail set forward in a quarter of an hour; on seeing which the French fleet hauled their wind, tacked, and stood in-shore.

One would have supposed that Captain Parker had had enough fighting for one day; but not a bit of it; the hands were turned up—"Reef topsails:" two reefs were taken in, the ship hauled more to the wind on the starboard-tack, and it was now our turn to chace. We soon got a very nice situation on the lee-quarter of the sternmost ship, and hammered away at her until we had made some few holes in her sails and hull; Captain Parker being as pleased as a child with a plaything. Suddenly, however, the French fleet bore up again; and we, like good boys, followed the

example as hastily as possible. I am sure that had they followed us this second time, they would have caught us; but we never could entice the fleet to leeward of their port, for it blew fresh and looked like an approaching gale; in which case an accident might have brought our fleet out before they could have got back again, for sometimes the gales continue for a week or two.

It was amusing enough to read the reports in the English papers; one of which mentioned that "the *Menelaus* had been engaged with two French line-of-battle ships, had been totally dismantled, and towed into Minorca by one of the ships of Sir Bengi Hallowell's division, and was so much injured as to be obliged to return to England; that the killed and wounded amounted to nearly half the ship's company; and that the action had been one of the most desperate on record."

Strange as it may appear, not one shot from the French line, although we stood the fire of thirteen sail of the line, and four three-deckers amongst the number, hulled us: we had a hole or two aloft, but we were in as ready a state for any evolution (saving the fore-topmast) when we bore up, as we were when first we stood in to attack the frigate. With what sincere pleasure did I hear the retreat beat after the guns were secured, the enemy in harbour, and we left again alone to watch the harbour's mouth. I will make bold to say that no ship in the British navy was ever in such a situation and escaped: had not the fore-topmast been wounded, of course we should have made sail to windward, and very shortly been secure from our enemies.

From this moment Captain Parker never allowed the French squadron to exercise unmolested: we were always within range; and the day that the enemy appeared outside of Toulon, which was generally on a Thursday, that day always saw us in action; if the fleet did not come out, we always stood in and had half an hour's practice with the batteries. With this exception our lives were passed in horrible monotony: at sunrise, the usual careful look-out to see no ships were outside of us; the same muster at nine o'clock, to see the arms clean as well as the men, the tack in-shore and out again, dinner, quarters; at eight, perhaps a fiddle and a dance, a ball-dance, and now and then a group of sailors on the fore-castle, broke the silence of the night by one of the many songs which have so much contributed to keep alive the courage of the seaman, and to instil into the minds of others an ardent wish to be serviceable to their country on their country's element—the sea.

How much—how very much is the nation indebted to Dibdin! His songs are made for sailors, and breathe the very inspiration they require: it is true in many of the nautical phrases he has erred, but Jack sets all that to rights without much regard to harmony of versification.

Of all bipeds the sailor is the most extraordinary: his, although an ever-changing life, is seldom altered: he changes the climate, the station, but his home is the ship; the discipline always the same, and the land, which is greeted with such raptures by a voyager from a distant country, offers no recreation or gratification beyond some fresh meat and vegetables. His work, his time, is for ever re-

quired on board; and, during the war, such was the fear of desertion, that few captains allowed their men the liberty to be absent for twenty-four hours, excepting in places like Malta or Minorca. But the sailor is, or looks to be, always happy and contented; and to see the rough tars dancing with one another to the miserable squeak of a fiddle, or the more inharmonious notes of the fife and drum, one could scarcely credit but a ship was the abode of luxury and contentment; that the sailor knew no other joy but that of a dance or a song; and that his heart, however much it might have been pledged to his darling girl at the back of the Point at Portsmouth, was in reality, on board the ship, devoted to his duty, his king, and his country. That the denial of recreation has, unfortunately, occasioned the loss of many very valuable seamen cannot be denied; and I have ever found it the case, that the captain most liberal of leave was always the most likely to retain the really good man; and now that a part of the pay is given to the sailor when abroad, there ought to be some order to force the captains to grant the necessary recreation, which would save some very lamentable punishments arising from crimes ruinous to health and morality, and contrary to all laws human and divine.

We have had nearly enough of battles; and I should have withheld the following account of a skirmish on shore, had not some of those touching scenes occurred, over which the mind delights to wander, and memory confers a favour when she startles them into existence. We were about ten miles to the eastward of Marseilles, when we saw a small vessel at anchor in a narrow bay. Prize-money is like blood to a blood-hound—once tasted never relinquished, without superior force interferes. To see the vessel, small as she was, and to know that a certain sum, however small, would follow her capture, were sufficient excitement. Captain Parker, who had then succeeded to the title in consequence of old Sir Peter Parker's death, having reconnoitred the bay, which seemed totally defenceless, manned the boats, and desired the lieutenant to bring out the prize. We had three boats only employed in this expedition; for as we could not distinguish the slightest appearance of a fortification, or any thing approximating to a battery, this small force was deemed amply sufficient; and we left the ship, just as sure of a bloodless prize as we were of our existence. In each boat, however, three marines had been placed to amuse people on shore, while we towed out the vessel. We approached the land about noon, and shortly were within pistol-shot. Not a soul was to be seen, excepting an old woman, who sat at the door of a small hut erected on the further end of the bay: she sat spinning, and, seemingly, without noticing us. It was a dead calm, and "ocean slumbered like an unwean'd child." The bowman was a corpse; a musket had been fired from behind a rock on the left-hand entrance, and that first shot was fatal: it was succeeded by another from nearly the same place, and one marine was disabled: a third came and tore the cravat from the lieutenant's neck, but did not touch him: a fourth, and the coxswain lost his arm. There was no standing this—it was deliberate murder; for, ensconced behind the rocks, the Frenchmen fired in perfect security; and so small were the apertures from whence issued their destruc-

tion, that they were imperceptible to us. We gave three cheers, and pulled right for the place. Only one more shot came, and that struck an already-wounded man. A small sandy cove offered a landing, and one and all, saving the wounded, jumped on shore and began a search. The lieutenant, myself, and a marine, took one direction; the other marine and some of the boats'-crews were left to search the rock near which we had landed. Ours seemed a hopeless attempt to discover the enemy; we wound along a narrow path, which sometimes offered a view of the water, and which then suddenly turned in land. We examined every place with the utmost precaution, and search was useless, until another shot, which missed its mark, convinced us we were not far from our foes. We pushed on, one after the other, for the road was rugged and narrow, until, coming into a broader and more open view, we saw a man and a little boy retreating in much haste. The instant we hailed him to stop, he turned round and fired. It was again a harmless shot; it grazed the marine, but no mischief was done. The lieutenant instantly fired, but missed his mark; and he desired the marine to do the same, taking care not to hit the boy. The Frenchman again fired, and the little boy instantly gave a cartridge: it was a running fight, and little harm likely to be done from such wild firing. The marine suddenly stopped, and, resting his musket against the rock, shot the child; he fell in the act of offering another cartridge. The father instantly relinquished his fire-arms, and fell by the side of his son: of course he was a prisoner in a moment. Our seizing his musket he disregarded; even of our approach he seemed unmindful. He had seated himself, and, placing the boy's head upon his lap, was wiping away the blood which oozed from the wound in the forehead. On desiring him to follow us he paid not the slightest attention; he neither wept or spoke, but watched the last chilling shiver of his boy, as he relinquished life, with an eye of inexpressible sadness. The last contraction of the eye—the distended jaw—the motionless lip, announced his death. I stammered, for I could not speak the dreadful truth. The father jumped from the ground with a frantic air; the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the Frenchman endeavoured to run on its point, but the marine dropped his musket and encircled him with his arms. We immediately secured his hands, and desired him to lead us to the beach near the cottage. The marine carried the dead boy, and the father walked by the side, apparently lost in silent observation of the corpse. We certainly did not return the way we came, for we had passed our boat and came suddenly upon the rear of the cottage. The old woman was still at her wheels, and we were within about two yards, when, lifting her head, she discovered her son a prisoner. A violent shriek announced to a lovely female in the hut that something had occurred. She rushed to assist her mother; her first sight fell upon her dead son in the arms of an enemy: she seized the boy, and tore him from the marine: she kissed him more like a maniac than a mother; and, giving one deep and audible sigh, she fell at the mother's feet. We hastened from this scene of grief and misery; and when the oars were splashed into the water, as we retreated from the shore, we distinctly saw the whole family in the situation we had left them,

as perfectly regardless of us as if we had not existed, and unmindful of the retreat of the murderers of their son. "War! war! even to the knife!" said Palafox: this was little better than butchery, and I have often wept over the remembrance of the fatal day, for it left a blot upon my heart. I would have given all the prize-money I ever made not to have witnessed this cruel scene. Alas! I have to record some more fatal, and equally touching. The prize was towed out, and we resumed our cruise.

"From grave to gay—from lively to severe"—

such is life, at least a sailor's. We are the mere children of circumstances; and those who embark in either profession, I mean military or naval, must submit to wear the rubs and frowns of disaster one moment, and smile over strange and foreign events the next. I shall leave the Mediterranean station, after paying one compliment to Lord Exmouth for the order and discipline of his fleet, decidedly the finest and most efficient England ever possessed. O! it was a glorious sight to see our ships, bearing the flag of England, standing within gun-shot of the harbour, where a fleet superior in numbers and ready for sea was skulking behind their batteries—to watch the telegraph on the summit of Cape Sicie announce our approach, (for we had their signals, and turned them to some account,)—to see the long line of the enemy, their tri-coloured flag, and thus to beard them even in their own den. Shall we ever see those days again? It will be a rash man who ever attempts the blockade of a squadron—one calm and he is lost; so much for steam as an auxiliary in war. No more cutting out—beware of steam-boats and gun-boats on all enemies' premises!

We had a large convoy under our charge when we left the station, and were bound to Portsmouth. In the morning of one day of our delayed existence, we discovered a small vessel near our charge: it was a light breeze, and with the assistance of our sky-sails we only crept a couple of knots an hour. We were soon alongside, and captured a small settee from Algiers, a Spaniard that had been taken that morning by a French privateer brig. On warning the masthead-man to keep a good look-out, he reported a vessel right a-head, which, from the calmness of the morning and the situation, we knew must be the enemy. We crowded all sail, leaving our convoy in charge of a sloop-of-war; and towards evening we could see the chace distinctly from the deck. We took one of those light flaws of wind so common in the Mediterranean, and by eight o'clock she was hulled up. It was a beautiful night, and towards eleven fell a dead calm. It was evident the chace was sweeping; for, although she was and had been becalmed, she occasionally altered her position. The boats were resorted to, and about 2 A. M. we were alongside: it was as usual, three cheers and board. The opposition was trifling, and in five minutes she was a prize. One man, who had fixed himself close aft on the larboard side, was fighting like a dragon; and on my advancing to warn him of the folly of fighting against twenty, he made a desperate attack on me. I parried the blow; which, if it had taken effect, would have saved me much trouble and the reader considerable *ennui*; and calling upon the men to rush on their prey, we secured him im-

mediately: he was an ugly, sour-looking fellow, with only one eye. I spoke to him in French, which he evidently understood indifferently; then in Italian, at which he shook his head. Another tried Spanish; he affected a careless indifference; and, as a business of despair, I offered him a little Turkish. It was no use, we could make nothing of him; he was either deaf, ignorant, sulky, or capricious, so we handed him on board the ship, and put him in irons by way of security. The sentinel under whose charge he was placed, hearing this one-eyed man and his comrade in a low conversation, listened with great attention, and caught one or two English words: this excited his laudable curiosity, and, as he paced his dull and never-varying steps, he distinctly overheard whole sentences in our own language: this was duly reported to the corporal, who told the serjeant, and going through the different gradations of rank, at last came to the captain. The prisoner was instantly handed on deck; but he kept a guarded silence, or only answered that he was French, which it was evident to the most superficial performer in that language was a falsehood. The ship's company were desired to pass him in review; at which he appeared alarmed and changed his countenance as often as a dying dolphin his colour: it was useless; one of our fore-top men called him by name, mentioned the ship in which he served, and declared him one of the mutineers from a gun-boat in Cadiz, who had murdered the midshipman and escaped to the enemy. A string of evidence was soon got up; the prisoner was placed in irons; and the determination to try him at a court-martial, on our arrival at Gibraltar, was made known to the traitor. My usual luck always attending me, I was named as principal evidence, as I could swear to his having borne arms against his Majesty's subjects, and of his having been taken in arms against his own nation.

On our arrival at Gibraltar the court-martial was ordered, and assembled on board the *St. Juan*, Sir Peter Parker being President. The man was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung accordingly, which ceremony took place shortly afterwards. It has often been my opinion, and likewise the opinion of many older officers than myself, that the systems of courts-martial might be much improved by the employment of a very little time and money on the part of the Lords of the Admiralty. Officers in the navy have a very limited knowledge of the law of evidence; so little indeed, that I recollect at a court-martial once a doubt having arisen from the President of the court if he could call the prosecutor as evidence against the prisoner. Even when I showed him *M'Arthur* on the subject, he seemed to think it must be an error, and took the opinion of the court. If short-hand writers were appointed to the different stations, say two to each, the expense would not be increased one farthing; for the work of ten days now would be done in two, cross-examinations would be more efficacious, and it would be infinitely more beneficial to the court and the prisoner. If an evidence is inclined not to speak exactly the truth, he has sufficient time to form a guarded answer: he hears the question put to the judge-advocate first; it is then written down, and he is then asked the question by the judge-advocate; and what between the question not being clearly put, erasures and alterations by the judge-advocate, and then again

putting the question, the evidence has about five minutes to arrange his answer. I have seen captains busily employed in caricaturing either the prisoner or some of the court: and the constant clearing of the court, in order to hide the ignorance of the different members, must leave a poor impression on the mind of the prisoner as to the talents and wisdom of his judges. Then comes the greatest absurdity of all; when the sentence is reading, the members who constitute the court put on their cocked-hats; why or wherefore, nobody ever yet could tell. I remember that in 1826, in Jamaica, when, by the capricious nonsense of a certain captain, about a dozen courts-martial were ordered to take place: the squadron were kept in that sickly hole about three months; the consequence was, that about four or five ships got a very unpleasant shipmate on board in the shape of the yellow-fever. To the above-mentioned capricious, nonsensical, and vexatious trials is to be attributed the sickness in the *Scylla*, which broke out on board of that ill-fated ship the very day she put to sea, and which afterwards deprived her in Carthagena of her captain, one lieutenant, three surgeons, four midshipmen, and about forty men. Enough of this for the present: I shall not return to the subject in these papers; but I must add, that any man would confer a special favour on the navy who would introduce some few amendments into this system, and who would *make* some book which should become the law-reference for ignorant captains and beardless judges.

On our arrival at Portsmouth we were ordered to join the *Superb* and the *Fly*, and go in pursuit of Commodore Rogers and his squadron. We were unsuccessful, and the cruise had few charms and many grievances: cruising on the equator in the month of June cannot be supposed to be very agreeable. We slanted down the coast of South America, visited Pernambuco, and on our return touched at Fernando de Noronha. To this island the Portuguese banish their male convicts; and, horrible as it may appear, not a single female is allowed to land on that unnatural shore but the family of the governor. The heat of the island is beyond all mention, its situation being only three degrees from the equator; and the ground, far from being a grateful soil, is parched and barren, the produce of which is barely sufficient for the wretched inhabitants. Here the social affections wither, even when nature had destined them most to flourish; here love and all its blessings are unknown; and here is the living reality of what brutes men become without the kind and fostering care of the better part of the creation. And if for their former crimes the culprits may have merited banishment, to the government under which they had the misfortune to be born is to be attributed the future sins into which they may be forced by the unnatural position in which they are placed. Strange as it may appear, the birds of *Venus*, the doves, are more plentiful in this island than in any other spot on the globe: as if in horrid mockery of the poor devils doomed to live out so wretched an existence, every branch throughout the low wood which encircles the town can show a feathered pair billing and cooing in all the warmth of affection and love. In revenge for this mockery the inhabitants eat the emblem of the original they are condemned for ever to forego. We returned to Portsmouth, and then

became attached to the Channel fleet : here we were constantly employed cruising in the Bay of Biscay ; and here we gave a specimen to a wanderer on the ocean of how soon he might be a prize. We had by constant chasing got a very long way to the westward of our station : and, in company with the *Pyramus*, were returning to our proper situation, when we espied at sunset two large vessels to leeward, which, from their appearance, we made out to be French frigates. We cleared for action, and bore up in chace. We were to be opposed to the leading ship, and the *Pyramus* to the sternmost one : about ten o'clock we were close to our fancied foes, and, without hailing or firing or making any disturbance whatever, we ran our opponent on board on the starboard side, our small bower-anchor tearing away his fore-channels, our fore-yard ripping his foretop-sail, and our main-yard performing the like service to his maintop-sail : in an instant the boarders jumped on board, headed by the captain : here they found about ten men, who instantly retreated below, whilst one of our men called out to " seize the wheel." At this moment the captain of the supposed enemy caught the sound of his own language, and roared out " Oh ! for shame ! for shame ! and an English frigate too !" The answer he got to this was—" By the god of war, if you had been a Frenchman, as I thought you were, I would have had you in a moment !" We soon made amends for our hasty indiscretion, by giving him a certificate that the damage was done accidentally ; in consequence of which the repairs were made good by the Government.

The war with France being over, Sir Peter took leave of his wife at Bordeaux, and we, with a large convoy carrying troops, made sail to the coast of America. We arrived in the Chesapeake at the time that the detestable war of conflagration was at its height. When we entered the Potomack, a large river which empties itself into the Chesapeake, the fertile shores of this beautiful abode presented the sad effects of the war : on each side houses were burning with fearful rapidity, and, when night came on, they resembled the signal-fires of the Indians, blazing in all the horrors of destruction. The next day our marines accompanied the marines of the rest of the squadron in one of these expeditions. We were commanded by Sir G. Cockburn in person ; and with him, as an amateur, was the late gallant General Ross, who was afterwards killed at Baltimore. Our destination was up a river which runs at the back of St. George's Island ; and the object was to destroy a factory, which was not only the abode of innocent labour, but likewise the resort of some few militia-men guilty of the unnatural sin of protecting their own country. We started in the morning, and having landed about five miles up the river, proceeded along a pretty fair road, flanked on each side by large woods, which led to the factory. General Ross directed the movements of our skirmishers, and instructed our sea-general in some of the safeguards of a land-army. When we arrived within about two hundred yards of the town, Sir Peter gave the word for his division to charge ; and at a full trot we arrived at the factory. Our approach had been long known : every one but the women and children had deserted the town, and had taken with them most of the implements of their labour : we therefore most valiantly set fire to

the unprotected property, notwithstanding the tears and the cries of the women ; and, like a parcel of savages as we were, we danced round the wreck of ruin. It is now of no use to dive into the reasons why this savage mode of warfare was resorted to ; it was generally asserted to be merely retaliation in the South, for aggressions in the North : in short, as the Americans burnt right and left in Canada, we did them the same compliment in the Chesapeake, thereby following an example which greater barbarians than ourselves have shuddered to commit. Be it as it may, every house which we could by ingenuity vote into the residence of a militia-man was burnt ; and, as almost every man in America did belong to the militia, we had abundant opportunities of becoming the most scientific destroyers of all sorts and kinds of property. On our return from the factory, General Ross went on board the Admiral's ship ; whilst Sir G. Cockburn and Sir P. Parker, with a sufficient force, landed on the shore immediately behind St. George's Island, and proceeded to surround a dwelling-house near the beach. It was nine o'clock in the evening ; the sun had long set, and the moon threw a clear pale light over the landscape. The house was surrounded with fir-trees ; and the inhabitants little dreamt, in so calm and beautiful a night, that the destroyer was at hand. All was hushed and quiet, with the exception of the chirping cricket, and the ripple of the water as it broke on the beach. Like midnight murderers we cautiously approached the house : the door was open, and we unceremoniously intruded ourselves upon three young ladies sitting quietly at tea, occupying themselves with their work, and apparently expecting a visit from some persons with whom they were better acquainted. Sir G. Cockburn, Sir Peter Parker, and myself, entered the room rather suddenly, and a simultaneous scream was our welcome. Sir G. Cockburn has naturally an austere countenance ; but Sir Peter Parker, who was the handsomest man in the navy, wore always a winning smile and a cheerful demeanour. The ladies instantly appealed to the latter ; but he was a good officer, and knew how to obey as well as command. Sir George asked for the colonel, their father. He was out, and not expected home. " He provided arms for some of the militia ? " continued Sir George. There seemed a slight acquiescence on the part of the ladies, which was followed by these words—" I am sorry to be guilty of an apparent incivility ; but your father has mainly assisted in arming the militia, and I must now do my duty. In ten minutes' time I must set fire to this house ; therefore use that period in removing your most valuable effects, for at the expiration of those ten minutes I shall give orders to burn the premises." Any one who knew Sir George would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have begun to have packed up with all dispatch. Not so the young ladies ; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and prayed the Admiral to depart and leave them to their home and their father :—" They never assisted in the war, excepting to succour a wounded enemy"—" They never urged their father to arm the militia ; they were, in fact, poor and unprotected females." Five minutes had elapsed : in vain they implored Sir George to forego his intentions. The youngest, a girl of about sixteen, and lovely be-

yond the general beauty of those parts, threw herself at Sir Peter Parker's knees, and prayed him to interfere. The tears started from his eyes in a moment; and I was so bewildered at the affecting scene that I appeared to see through a thick mist. There stood Sir George, his countenance unchanged and unchangeable; his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized upon his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; another stood a kind of Niobe of tears; whilst the third and youngest was on her knees before Sir Peter. His feelings soon overcame his duty, and he had begun a sentence, which the Admiral cut short: the time was expired, and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls. Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat: the Admiral walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold when the flames of the house threw a light over the before sombre darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of desolation, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. I will not give an opinion concerning the feelings of Sir George: I am sure he felt as a brave man always feels, when female beauty interferes with his duty. The last struggle to retain his composure when he called out "Begin!" was ineffectual; he felt as much as others, but he had more command over his feelings. I know he is a brave man, and therefore am sure he inherits that feeling which is common to that class of men.

By the light of that house we embarked, and returned on board. It was a scene which impressed itself upon my heart, and which my memory and my hand unwillingly recall and publish.

F.

"THE SEPULCHRES" OF FOSCOLO.¹

FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE shady cypress rear, and, O! afford
The refuge of the carved and o'er-wept urn,
To charm the sleep of Death, soon as yon sun
For me no more shall quicken earth, with all
Her goodly family that breathe and bloom,—
Soon as before me joys of future hours
No more shall flaunt in visionary dance,—
When I shall list not to thy song, my friend,
For the sad solemn harmony it breathes;
Nor feel my spirit soar, my bosom glow,
In commune with the Muses and deep love—
Sole solace of my dark and wandering life!

What guerdon for the past, that graven stone
Distinguish mine from the unnumber'd bones,
Wherewith the Spectre sows the earth and sea?

¹ This celebrated Poem, inscribed to Hippolytus Pindemonte, has never before appeared in an English garb. Its writer found his "sepulchre" amongst us; he lies at Chiswick. Foscolo is a difficult author to give in a foreign tongue, though in his own language he is unequalled in our time.

True, Pindemonte, is it, that even Hope,
 Never inconstant, flies the sepulchres :
 There comes oblivion ; and, o'er strewn remains
 And marr'd resemblances of earth and heaven,
 Time strides, and mocks man and his monuments.

But why should man behold it like a vision—
 The thought that cheers him at the gates of death ?
 Doth he not live, though laid in earth, wherein
 The music of the day is ever silent,
 If he can wake Death's sleep with soft remembrance
 In kindred bosoms ? It is from on high,
 This binding sense of sympathy and love,
 This amulet for Sorrow's heirs, whereby
 The quick hold commune with the voiceless dead ;
 For the dead answer, if the sacred soil,
 That nursed and gladden'd them in infant days,
 Yielding its mother lap for their long rest,
 Keep their white bones unscatter'd and secure
 From feet irreverent, with a decent stone
 That speaks for whom ; and a green waving tree
 To soothe with flower and odour and sweet shade.

He that leaves nothing in surviving hearts
 Hath darkness in his urn ; and, though there be
 A life beyond, his spirit shall be one
 Whose cry is piteous in the surge-like wail
 That echoes through the halls of Acheron.
 He creeps, it may be, under the great wings
 Of God's forgiveness ; but the unhonour'd sod
 Profits the weed-beds of the desert soil :
 There woman prays not with her tears of love,
 Nor hears the solitary passenger
 The sigh that Nature wafts us from the tomb.

A new law now does from the mourner's eyes
 Wall up the sepulchres, ¹ and to the dead
 Their names deny. There sleeps without a tomb
 Thy priest, ² Thalia, with enduring love
 Who sung to thee, and in his lowly state
 The laurel rear'd, and garlanded thy crown ;
 And thou didst laugh in his blithe strains ³ that stung
 The Sardanapalus of our Lombardy,
 Who lists but to the bellowing of his beeves,
 That from the pastures of the Ticine streams
 Return him goodly profit and fat viands !

Fair Muse, where art thou fled ? I feel no more
 Thy honied breath, and vivifying presence,
 Haunting the woods where I sit down and sigh
 For my maternal roof. Here thou wert wont

¹ "According to this law, all bodies, without distinction, were to be interred in public cemeteries without the towns ; and the size of the sepulchral stone was prescribed, and the epitaphs were subject to the revision and approval of the magistrates."—Hobhouse's *Illustrations of Childe Harold*.

² Parini.

³ An allusion to Parini's satirical poem, "The Day."—"There was not a single Milanese who did not see, in the chief personage of the poem, the Prince Belgiojoso, of the reigning family of Este, the eldest brother of the field-marshal of the same name, who was Austrian ambassador at our court, and governor of the Low Countries."—Hobhouse.

To toy with him under yon linden tree,
Swinging its drooping boughs, that seem to moan,
Thalia, that it may not shade the sleep
Of him who loved it for its calm and shadow.
Perchance, O Muse, thou ask'st the huddled heaps
Of common dust, where lies the hallow'd head
Of thy Parini? The vain city gave,
Lascivious pander of ephemeral bays,
Such dust no shelter, monument, or verse:
His bones, perchance, lie dabbled in the blood
Of the last recreant's head that Death struck down,
Heavy with crimes, upon the felon's scaffold!

Heardst thou the homeless bitch that hunts the dead.
Rake up the charnel-mounds, and sniff the winds,
Howling with hunger? and from out the skull
The moonshine pierces, the filthy lapwing¹ fly
With whirring pinions o'er the funeral crosses,
And scream along the silent-peopled plain,
Insulting the sweet beams with which the stars
Are pious to the desolate? In vain
Thine immortality implores for him
The gentle dewfall of the lids of night!
Alas! there springs no flower upon the grave
That is not hallow'd in mankind's esteem,
And duly water'd with affection's tears!

From the first days, in which the nuptial vow,
The temple, and the judgment-seat had taught
Rude man to seek his own and other's weal,
The living did upgather, and defend,
From the gaunt beast, and blanching tempest-wind,
The melancholy remnants, which the voice
Of nature destines for the noblest ends.
The tombs became the records of the great,
And altars for their children: they disclosed
The Larian oracles; and by the dust
Of their forefathers were men's oaths revered;
The heart's religion, which, with varied rites,
The social virtues and the hope of Heaven
Transmit us through the changes of the past.

Not in wise times the cemeteries dank
Were laid beneath the churches'-floors, and gorged
Till the believers shudder'd at the stench
Strangling the incense-fumes, and kneel'd in terror—
Cities were render'd hideous by the grin
Of sculptured skeletons. From their first sleep
The new-made mothers started, arms outstretch'd
O'er their loved infants, in the horrid dread
Of groans malignant from the corpse that craves
The burial bribes from the reluctant heirs.²
Better when cypress, cedar, and pure balm,
Impregnating the zephyrs, overbower'd
Remember'd urns with their perennial green,
And costly carves received the mourner's tears.

¹ The lapwing feeds on earthworms. This may explain the allusion. The original is *upupa*.

² I imagine this passage alludes to some Italian superstition; perhaps unpaid masses are intended.—TRANSLATOR.

Then, from Promethean censers of the dawn,
 A spark was caught by the bereaved to cheer
 The gloominess of death ; the mated eye
 Turn'd dying to the sun ; and the last sigh
 Sped from all hearts to the departing light.
 Fountains that woo'd the winds in silver showers,
 With blooms of amaranth and violet,
 Bestarr'd the funeral sod ; and they that stayed
 To feast on meditation, in the gale
 A fragrance found, like that which we may deem
 To wander from the gardens of the bless'd.
 Sublimely just enthusiasm ! Thou endear'st
 The hamlet's lowly records of the dead
 To British virgins, where a mother's dust
 Invites their footsteps—where they sought, with prayers,
 The safety of the hero,¹ who made shorn
 The captive war-ship of its mightier pine,
 To scoop the bier for his last greatest triumph.
 Where sleeps the hunger of renown, there wealth
 And fear become the ministers of life ;
 An idle pomp of images abhorr'd,
 And phantasy of evil dreams, appear
 For solemn groves and sacred monuments !

The learn'd, the rich, and the patrician vulgar,
 The pride and spirit of the Italian land,
 In their own palaces are buried now,
 Breathing entomb'd, and their forefathers' names
 Their only coronals ! To us, my friend,
 Let death be as a refuge-port of rest,
 Where storms are barr'd, and friendship may collect
 Not treasures of inheritance, but warm
 Condolence, and just tribute of fair song.
 Fame's ignient urn awakens to the wing
 Her garing eaglets ; and where'er they light
 Upon, the wilderness is beautified,
 And hallow'd in all time. When I survey'd
 The shrine of that immortal,² by whose words
 The rulers were abash'd, while in their hands
 The sceptre, of its laurel stripp'd, is shown
 Unto the trampled nations, in what tears
 And blood it dabbles : and the narrow house
 Of him³ that pillar'd to the gods in Rome
 A new Olympus ; and the sage⁴ that under
 The canopy of space beheld the march
 Of other worlds begird the throned sun,
 And to the Anglian mind⁵ that soar'd so high
 Forestrode the pathways of the firmament,—
 " O bless'd art thou, bride Florence ! " I exclaim'd,
 " For thy pure gales, and for thy rushing waters,
 Dower'd by the woody-cragged Appenine.
 In the deep azure of thy skies, the moon
 Delights to wander, and, beneath her beams,
 Shine joyously the vintage-laden hills,
 While the cat-speckled⁶ and olive-planted valleys
 Send up the incense of a thousand flowers.

¹ Nelson. ² Macchiavelli. ³ Michael Angelo. ⁴ Galileo. ⁵ Newton.

⁶ A significant epithet of the appearance of a landscape variegated like a cat's fur.

Thou didst first listen to the lay that soothed
The flying Ghibelline's indignant spirit;
And thou the parents and the phrase harmonious
Gav'st to that sweet lip of Calliope,
That love with veil of tender braid adorning
(Love that went garmentless in Greece and Rome)
To the diviner Venus' lap restored.¹
O! still more bless'd that in thy fanes are gather'd
The urned boasts of Italy!—her all,
Perchance! since that the ill-guarded Alps,
And the omnipotence of this world's tide,
Despoil'd her strength and natural nutriment,
Altars, tiaras, and, save memory, all!"

But, where new hope from former glory shines
On ardent minds for a degraded land,
Draw we our omens: near these marbles oft
Alfieri linger'd in the trance of thought;
Indignant with his country's gods, he paced
The desert walks of Arno, and look'd round
In mute request upon the field and sky;
And, when the face of nature had no smile
To soothe his cares, his stern brow rested here,
Bearing the wanness with the hope of death.
With them he dwells for ever! Here his bones
Still murmur of their country. O! from that
Religious solitude how loudly speaks
A ruling Deity, the same of old
That kindled in the Greeks at Marathon,
Where Athens crown'd her heroes, their disdain
And hatred of the Persians! They, who sail
Since by Eubœa, have beheld the sparks
Of armour-smiting brands emblaze the shores
Far through the dusky midnight; seen the pyres
Vomit their crimson vapours; the grey gleam
Of spectre-warriors striding to the fight;
And hearken'd in the silence to the chafing
And tumult of the phalanx, and the blare
Of answering trumpets, and the brazen tread
Of charging horse upon the loaded plain;
Wailings, and hymns, and chanting of the Parcæ.

O! bless'd Hippolytus, exploring wide
The empire of the mind, in thy green years,
If e'er the helmsman piloted thy sail
By the Egean Islands, thou hast heard
The glorious shores of Hellespont declare
The deeds of old, and the tide bellow with
Its sacred burthen, toward the Rhætian strand
Rolling the Achillean armour to the bones
Of injured Ajax. With the noble soul,
Death is the just dispenser of renown;
Nor depth of craft, nor the award of kings,
Secured Ulysses the contended spoils,
When Heaven forbade, and on the wandering bark
The tempests drove from the infernal gods.

¹ Petrarch.

On me, whom fate and glory's thirst have driven
 To sojourn in strange lands, and mourn for mine,—
 On me the Muses call to chant the lays
 That rouse up heroes: in our hearts, by them,
 Sweet strains are waken'd, and high thoughts are breathed;
 They sit among and guard the sepulchres.
 Yea, though hoar Time hovers with icy wings
 Above the spoils and ruins of the world,
 The Nine make glad the desert with their singing,
 And the loud waves of their wild harmony
 Heave back the wrecks of mute uncounted years.

So still in Troas, where the harvest waves
 O'er crumbled columns, to the pilgrim's eye
 The mounds are radiant with immortal fire;
 Immortal for the nymph beloved of Jove,
 Who bore him Dardanus, the child from whom
 Came Ilion's founder and Assaracus,
 The fifty princes of the regal city,
 And the proud empire of the Julian line.
 There, when Electra heard the Stygian chant
 To choirs Elysian, from the sunlit air,
 That called her far, she of the Thunderer
 One boon requested, as the last, and cried, "If e'er
 These mortal locks and favour'd lips were dear,
 And the sweet vigils of our love, since not
 A happier meed hath been ordained for one
 So bless'd in life, when changed, bestow thy care
 That earth forget not thine Electra's name."
 She pray'd, and pass'd; then rock'd the Olympic domes,
 And from the shaken tresses of the god
 Was rain'd ambrosia on the suppliant's head,
 To sanctify her ashes and her tomb.
 There died Erichthon; there the blameless dust
 Of Ilus slumbers; there the Trojan wives
 Flung loose their hair, and breathed impassion'd vows—
 Alas! in vain, for their ill-fated lords!
 There spake Cassandra, when her bosom's gloom
 Was lightning with the Deity; and strange
 Unheeded dreams mark'd out the coming day,
 When Troy should smoulder. She with songs of wail
 Made sad the mountains, and led forth the children
 To listen to her oracles, and said,
 With voice prophetic, "Mind, if adverse Heaven
 Permit, in distant days, that ye return
 From Argos, where your princely hands shall feed
 The steeds of Tydeus' and Laërtes' son,
 In vain shall ye look fondly from the hills
 For this your home with its high god-built walls,
 But see, instead, the wind fling in the sun
 The dust of desolation; yet the gods
 Ye cherish in your homes shall shelter here,
 And refuge in the chambers of the silent.
 One sky-born privilege is man's, to tread
 The paths of misery with exalted name.
 Ye palms and cedars, by the imperial dames
 Here planted proudly, but a little space
 And ye shall water'd be with widows' tears!

Guard my Sire's ashes!—he that shall restrain
 From you the lifted axe, 'tis given to mourn
 Less bitterly the blight of death, to touch
 The sacred altars with no worthless hand.—
 Guard ye my fathers!—and await the day
 That brings a poor and sightless wanderer
 To muse and grope in your time-hallow'd shades,
 And lone mausoleums—to embrace their urns,
 With ardent questionings. The conscious caves
 Shall answer groaning, and the tombs unfold,
 Hollow and hoarse, the wonders of their tale—
 Ilium twice rased, and twice from earth arisen!
 Sublimely, from the silent scene, to crown
 The doom'd Pelides' deeds, a poet seer,
 Soothing the wretched spectres with his strains,
 Shall render to the chiefs of Hellas' land
 Their names, renown'd far as the world's great Sire
 Eternal Ocean spreads his ambient arms.
 Thine, Hector, shall the glory of all tears
 Be deem'd in every land, where patriot blood
 Is mourn'd or honour'd, while yon golden sun
 Shall shine upon the mass of human woes!"

J. C.

SCOTLAND IN 1831.

FROM THE NOTES OF A TOURIST.

EDINBURGH and Scotland were once almost synonymous terms, from a feeling probably similar to that which induced a French map-maker to delineate Lombard Street as London. The emporium of the modern Athens is, however, greatly diminished; and wealth, industry, and intelligence, are spreading northwards, from rising towns and increasing population.

The little which reaches us in the south respecting Scotland is, somehow or other, prejudicial rather to the spirit of touring in that country; yet, what with the progress of the cholera and agitation across the Channel, and a glorious summer, Scotland was never known to be visited by so many strangers as during the last season; a large portion of whom were grouse-shooters, including all the different grades of society from the peer to the 'prentice, alike moved by the facilities of steam navigation from the most distant parts of England.

Unquestionably, there is much worth seeing in Scotland, much worthy of notice both in the moral and physical world beyond the borders, and much that is perfectly unknown out of the country. Of the Scotch themselves, we certainly see abundance in our own metropolis and elsewhere; but the Scotchman in England is a different being from the Scotchman in his native land. The inhabitants of Pekin and Loo Choo are not less understood than the Highlanders.

As to climate, soil, and productions, Scotland is usually associated with ideas of all that is chilly, misty, barren, and rocky, with an impoverished peasantry, smoky cabins, oaten cakes, and whisky, without any allowance for fertile lands, good crops, and woods.

Many persons perhaps still believe with Tabitha Bramble, that when they cross the border they must carry provisions with them, and that the deserts of Arabia are not less productive. It is true, matters are not quite so bad even in the extreme North, although they are capable of improvement, and are in a fair train of advancement whether moral, political, or physical.

One of the most crying sins of Scotland is the great expense of travelling through it, greater than in any other country of Europe. As a fellow tourist observed to me, "One gets less here for a shilling than any where else." I am, however, willing to allow that while this is certainly the rule, there are occasionally exceptions to it.

No country seems to have undergone more changes in its moral and political state than Scotland; and it is now, as Jonathan would say, daily "progressing" in improvement. In fact, it has only of late years been emerging from barbarism. Edinburgh has long been the grand centre of civilization, which is now spreading in all directions. From the loftiest heights of clanship and gallantry the Scotch have sobered down to a plain, pains-taking, shrewd, calculating, and commercial nation, whence have sprung science, industry, and prosperity. No circumstance seems to have tended more to alter the moral and political condition of the country than the introduction of steam. This powerful force has engendered wealth, set the school-master to work, and introduced thousands where formerly people arrived only in very limited numbers. The good effects are every where conspicuous. The little bare-legged savages that used to run about in kilts are now driven from the south to the north; and in the southern towns and villages, the breeches-maker and cobbler are more employed; and even the little shepherd-boys are "skilled," as they call it, in their A, B, C, and the Bible, while learning is fast encroaching upon the desolation of John O'Groat's.

During an evening walk, I encountered one of these urchins with a Bible in his hand, watching some cattle committed to his charge, whose orderly conduct allowed the boy to prosecute his studies uninterrupted. But I observed a grey horse close by in a small patch of ripe corn, to which I directed the boy's attention, perceiving that before nightfall the little stock would be nearly all consumed, from the abstracted pertinacity with which the child was reading. He however looked carelessly round, declaring his entire want of any concern in the circumstance, as he was only watching "them twa black uns,"—pointing to two black horses cropping the long grass near him; nor could I rouse him to attempt to dislodge the grey intruder that was so rapidly devouring the property of another master. This is not, perhaps, a bad specimen of the innate disposition of the Scotch.

The most interesting parts of Scotland are contained within a triangular space, of which Inverness may be considered the apex, and the country round Edinburgh and Glasgow the base, including Kelso and Melrose. Of course, the three sides of this triangle are approachable by steam from England; but the central body contains much that ought not to be overlooked, and is not to be visited but by land-conveyances. Here it is that the heavy expenses are in-

curred, unless the tourist adopts that method of travelling in a mountainous country which, to the young and vigorous, is the best—walking. Here are to be seen lochs, mountains, glens, waterfalls, rocks, and passes, affording the most beautifully diversified scenery to the lover of nature, and an ample field of observation to the geologist, the mineralogist, and the botanist; although the climate is uncertain, the sky deficient in that lovely, soft, and rich blue of Italy, the sun usually pale and watery, and the Highlands wanting in that romantic grandeur and the grotesque asperities of the snow-capped mountains of the Alps and Pyrenees.

To those “who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-road,” the central country is now perfectly accessible. The genius of M’Adam every where prevails, and the hills are seen without encountering them bodily; the traveller passing over almost entirely level roads kept in the highest order, and for the enjoyment of which he is made to pay upon no ordinary scale. Turnpikes every five miles, without tickets, make the average expense of about two or three pence a mile for a gig and horse, more than what, I understand, is necessary for the making and repairs of the road; which bears hard upon the industrious classes of the community, and is much complained of by travellers. When Scotch proprietors send their bills to Parliament, they are rarely liable to that check and control which our private bills are more apt to meet with. Not content, indeed, with this high rate of taxation, on my return I was shown the draft of a bill about to come before the House of Lords, empowering the taxmen, or toll-keepers, to sell spirits, malt-liquor, bread, cheese, and meat, upon the score of the convenience such a licence would afford the public; or, in other words, the land-proprietors wish to increase the value of their toll-gates, by converting them into so many public-houses for tippling passengers, without any regard to the manifest disadvantage of the licensed publicans, sufficiently numerous for the wants of the public.

Certainly, whoever has been accustomed to the old military roads in Scotland, formed under the directions of General Wade, would not grumble at being fairly taxed for the superior advantages of the new Parliamentary roads, notwithstanding the following flattering couplet over one of the former,—

Whoever saw this road before it was made,
Would lift up his hands and bless General Wade—

a couplet, by-the-bye, which one would be apt to imagine came from a native of the sister isle, from the bull which it involves.

This system of taxation, it is to be hoped, will among other things be subjected to the wholesome control of a better mode of representation in Scotland; a mode at present full as great a farce as the Duke of Wellington’s county meetings, to say the least of it. As far as the convenience of the public goes, about which Scotch proprietors profess to be so anxious, there is no want of houses of entertainment, and they are continually increasing. Wherever the public resort, there inns will rise up in proportion; and the only advantage gained by the new bill will be the emolument to the proprietors, at

the expense of the demoralizing effects of facilitating the sale of whisky among the peasantry.

The fares demanded for public conveyances are necessarily high, from this frequent and exorbitant taxation on the Parliamentary roads, joined to a want of any opposition. The Inverness coach is higher in its fares than any I ever met with, from the high price of hay and corn, and the tolls. In places where there is no regular posting, an open cart, with a seat suspended by two iron chains, and drawn by one horse, professing to go at the rate of five, but in reality at three, miles an hour, cannot be hired under one shilling a mile, and for two horses two shillings; and the coach from Oban to Inverary, with two horses part of the way, and the rest three, takes eight or nine hours to travel thirty-two miles, and charges twelve shillings for an outside place. A party travelling with their own carriage hired at Glasgow two horses and a driver, for which they were charged thirty-two shillings a day, besides having to pay about five-pence or six-pence a mile for tolls on the Parliamentary roads, and a daily gratuity to the driver.

The accommodations on the different roads at the inns are much improved of late years, although susceptible of improvement in the Highlands far to the North; and in those places where the steam-packets bring daily their hundreds of passengers in the season, the inhabitants let lodgings even for one day or night. The demands vary in such places, but they are generally higher than similar accommodations in England remote from the metropolis. Their appearance is often unprepossessing; but, amidst all the apparent dirt and want of repair, the bed-linen is uniformly clean and well-aired. There is a general make-shift disposition prevalent, and an anxious desire manifested to reap the fruits of a harvest that occurs only during the summer months and in fine weather, and which is merely kept down to its present standard by the competition excited. It is only in the remote places less frequented, where a solitary inn is usually kept by a landholder on a small scale, that one is struck with the moderation of the charges compared with the goodness of the fare and the comforts of the accommodations. Such an inn I found in the beautiful parish of Ballyhulish, twelve miles from Fort William, near Glencoe.

As to the living in general, whatever scantiness might formerly have existed has now given place to abundance. Excellent beef and mutton, grouse, eggs, potatoes, good butter, and cream, are plentiful; and the Scotch breakfasts and teas are notoriously superior, from the preserved fruits and jelly, and broiled fish, &c. which crowd the table in excess: and now-a-days, instead of being obliged to swallow dry oaten cakes or doughy scones, wholesome bread is always at hand; for the butcher and the baker now reside wherever there are wanting meat and bread, instead of being daily expected, not having called for two or three weeks.

The accommodation afforded by steam-packets is necessarily more moderate than that of the land-carriage; and they convey passengers to towns on the coast, along the Caledonian Canal, the Clyde, Loch Lomond, and to the islands, with economy and rapidity. Their great objections rest with the crowds who frequent them, and the

fare generally provided, which requires a strong appetite to relish. They are not always quite so clean as they might be, and the culinary preparations are often equally offensive to the sight and smell. Nevertheless, they are conveniences to the public, by means of which the whole extent of Scotland may be visited in two or three weeks, and business effected with quickness and economy. The only exception, probably, to regularity and comfort as to steamers exists on the Caledonian Canal, where the steamer is advertised to leave Inverness every Monday and Thursday; but this depends upon contingencies not always favourable. The hours at which they start are often inconveniently early and unpunctual, the packet is a vile one, and the hours of arrival for the night's lodging often protracted beyond midnight. The journey by land is far preferable, though less economical, unless a party club together for the hire of a vehicle. A pair of horses, with the driver, will draw a carriage from Inverness to Fort William in two days, for five or six pounds, including the carriage, if one can be procured. There are no turnpikes, and the accommodations at the Forts are sufficiently comfortable, more especially at Fort William.

The road on the Fall of Fyers side is hilly, but very beautiful, and lies near enough to the lochs to include their scenery in its views.

From Fort William to Oban the packet takes only six or seven hours at most by day, and passes through the most beautiful archipelago of islands. By land the route is rough and slow, but the distance being less than fifty miles may be easily walked in two days, sending baggage by the steamer; and the country passed through is very finely mountainous and picturesque. If however the weather be calm, and the sea glassy, nothing can exceed the beauty of gliding through the clusters of the Hebrides, with the impending mountains on the left.

The islands, visited by steamers from the pretty bay of Oban and its picturesque town, constitute a most desirable tour. Staffa and Iona are objects of great interest; the one from the most extraordinary work of nature, and the other from its very ancient architectural remains and tombs, connected with the earliest records of Christianity in the empire.

At Tobermorey, in the isle of Mull, the best and most reasonable lodgings may be procured; and, from the extreme beauty of the bay and the site of the town, it is a most desirable summer retreat, with beautiful walks and good sea-bathing. Skye is also a common object of curiosity; but those who go there to see any thing of the island beyond the famous cave need have introductions, for there are no inns.

A voyage from Inverary by the common steamer, through the Chyles of Bute, though far more protracted than the route by Loch Goil, is well worth taking in fine and calm weather. But to those who make Glasgow or Inverary their head-quarters, the facility and economy of visiting the Western Highlands are beyond example elsewhere. The fare from Loch Goil Head to Glasgow is only three shillings. The steamers of the Clyde are as numerous and as cheap as the Paddington coaches and omnibuses; and many delightful excursions are to be made along the banks of this splendid river.

To a traveller who passes through Scotland in all directions, one observation must frequently occur, which is that of the absence of the aristocracy of the country very generally from their great houses and estates. Absenteeism, however, does not appear to have the same effect as in Ireland. The people do not appear to be the worse off; education still spreads, civilization advances, cultivation increases, and the spirit of building rages. If either party loses, it is the aristocracy, who separate themselves and their interests from their hereditary properties, to dissipate elsewhere what they draw from these resources, and thus alienate themselves from their tenantry and the peasants, who consequently care nothing about the lord, and his name is not held in respect; for absenteeism breaks the bonds of gratitude and esteem in such cases. The people look naturally to the immediate improvers of the country, who are extending cultivation and employing the industrious labourers. These improvers are a new race, springing from the commercial resources, renters, and speculators, who are pushing the aristocracy from their stools, which, but for the Scotch law of entail, they would in time effect most generally and completely, so as to make Scotland change masters altogether. Luckily for Scotland, the remedy for absenteeism is on the spot, which is therefore not regretted or cared about. Thus the commercial influence has already got the ascendancy, and under this influence Scotland is daily improving in wealth and intelligence. The chivalry of Scotland has almost entirely crossed the borders; and when the late King, during his visit to Edinburgh, called them a nation of gentlemen, he brought them with him from England, and found them not living in Scotland. The daughters of the aristocracy are educated in England, and prefer Almack's to Prince's Street: their sons frequent the British metropolis, and are to be found in the House of Commons and the Guards, residing much abroad, or rising in the army. Scotland with them is only associated with the grouse and the ptarmigan, and their paternal seats are used only as sporting boxes. Formerly a stranger could roam over parks and lands, now locked up; and cast a net or throw a line into a trout or salmon stream, which is now strictly preserved or let, and the produce sent to the market. The days indeed, when the halls of the lord were open to entertain the traveller who came to gaze on the proud mansion, parks, and gardens, are long passed; and, having satisfied his curiosity, he retires to his inn, which the lord has been careful to erect for his comfort and accommodation, no doubt.

The wealth of Scotland evidently flows from a different channel to what it used to do formerly; and, while the great aristocratic current sets in for St. James's, a counter-stream, arising from the industry and intelligence of the commercial interests, flows from another source, and occupies the channels which the former have left dry; and the work of civilization is thereby forwarded.

While in the Western Highlands, and conversing upon these topics, a story was prevalent, exhibiting one specimen of the footing on which the present scions of noble houses in Scotland are with the land of their fathers. Two very particular sprigs of nobility were recently roaming with their fowling-pieces, and landed on the isle of Rum, for the sake of that sport which they anticipated from the

traditions of their respective families, and where they conceived they had a sort of undefined right to shoot *ad libitum*. The good-natured laird, feeling indisposed to resist their assumed rights, increased their confidence; but, after a few days of pretty active slaughter and occupancy of his house, which they used as an inn, a hint was given them, but not taken, that they had shot enough, and had been sufficiently long in his house, of which they seemed to consider themselves the masters; his property having suffered much by their visit with such excellent guns and well-trained dogs as they brought with them. At length the wearied landlord referred the sportsmen to an out-house, where they would find clean straw and suitable accommodations for themselves and their canine companions. This resource however being rejected with a considerable degree of high-toned impertinence, they discovered too late that they were not in an inn, by being immediately rowed off the island; the landlord expressing his fixed determination to get himself rid of his two "Rum customers."

Wherever new lairds have become, either by purchase or marriage, or otherwise, possessors of estates, the spirit of improvement prevails generally, inducements are held out to industry, the business of the towns and villages under the laird's influence is attended to personally, and his interests are so identified with those of the people connected with him, as to render him popular and respected in all cases of residence. No better example, perhaps, in all Scotland of this relation between landlord and tenant can be found than in the county of Fife, where the laird of Falkland, an enlightened, generous, and liberal stranger, sets a most worthy, and at the same time unostentatious, example to the native lairds.

There is a race in Scotland which, in these degenerate days of clanship, retains amongst its brethren the empty name only and vain symbols of ancient rank and power. Against this race the opprobrium of absenteeism cannot be levelled, but perhaps it would be beneficial to the country if it could. These are the very drones of Scotland; proud, poor, selfish, litigious in the extreme, and jealous of dilapidated rights; who draw from their hereditary resources without any efforts to improve those resources, either for the immediate benefit of the public or themselves. These are the Highland chiefs or chieftans: they herd together under strict laws of clanship; and I am told that their disposition and practice is equally strong in setting their faces against doing any thing which might be considered as producing moral or physical advantage, they being antipodes in fact to the last-mentioned race of land-proprietors. Nay more, it is said that if any one of these should by any chance transgress this invariable rule of their clanship, he would place himself in imminent danger of losing his *lave*, or, in other words, of being cut by his fellow lairds, and not allowed to associate with the rest. The existence of this nest of human harpies tends to preserve in all their native filthiness those hordes of peat-smoked savages, which occupy the huts and hovels scattered over the Highlands, in poverty, ignorance, and idleness; and until this beggarly fraternity of Highland gentry is rooted out by the progress of civilization, Scotland cannot be said to be quite emancipated from barbarism.

As to the two great cities which divide the claim to the palm of metropolitanism, Edinburgh and Glasgow, it is impossible to avoid some notice of the faults and weaknesses of the one, and the growing merits and strength of the other. Glasgow, increasing in wealth by commerce and industry, covering the bosom of the Clyde with numerous steam-vessels, sending her merchandise to the Indian and Pacific Oceans, extending her streets, multiplying her manufactories, encouraging inventions, and laying open the sources of knowledge and industry to her increasing population, now exceeding two hundred thousand, is one of the largest, most bustling, thriving, and handsomest cities in the world. The star of Glasgow is in the ascendant, that of Edinburgh in the wane. The science of Glasgow goes to the account of her wealth and prosperity; while that of Edinburgh has greatly evaporated, and leaves little or no trace behind it. With more of pretension, more original genius and philosophy perhaps, coupled with great assumption of social elevation and metropolitan rank in the scale of cities, Edinburgh is now fast approaching the grade of the populous, picturesque, and lively city of Bath; as a great centre of sociality, the resort of the smaller fry of genteel society, whose aim is gentility combined with comfort and economy. Beautiful and picturesque in the extreme, Edinburgh and its environs are unrivalled to the eye, exhibiting a happy contrast of crowded buildings in the old town, lofty and irregular, with the most perfect regularity of the new town, and distant views of the most varied description.

Society seems to have derived its tone in Edinburgh principally from the predominance of "the three black Graces;" whence probably its assumed title of the "Modern Athens," a self-paid compliment to the literary and philosophic taste of its social leaders. The prevalence of the Melville influence fostered this taste, and added much to the wealth and grandeur of the city; and its somewhat equivocal claims to superiority were thus preserved. Vanity to the greatest excess pervaded the *savants* of Edinburgh, and extravagance in the application of grants seemed to arise from the long-unquestioned liberality with which they were obtained.

This city, in fact, rose under the influence of a false wealthiness, like that of families who rise by war or other temporary states of excitement in trade, and subsequently sink, for want of due economy and the proper husbanding of resources meretriciously procured. The School of Medicine once held undisputed sway, but its claims to exclusive excellence have long subsided; and physic is as well taught in London, though we have not, what we ought to have, the privilege of conferring degrees. The great High School is an excellent institution, but its students are mainly limited to the northern population.

From its peculiar application to Scotland the law has been the greatest source of the city's wealth and elevation. The withholding of grants and the clippings among the law offices has, however, given a great check to this predominating influence. Half of the Lords of Session are, I understand, about to be reduced, at a period when it is considered necessary rather to increase our judges. The consequence of all this is, that building speculations are stopped, for the city was getting on too fast for its means, and the contemplated improvements

of the College are checked : to remedy which, in part, the College Museum of Natural History, so creditable to Professor Jamieson, is now exhibited publicly at half-a-crown a head ; for it seems to be beyond doubt, that with the Melville influence the College has lost its friend at court, and the commonwealth feels acutely the change of affairs, formerly so prosperous and now decaying.

Had Edinburgh husbanded the resources of good times with more economy, and had she displayed less vanity, she would not have drawn upon her the laugh of the world as she has done, and her fall, if she does fall, would perhaps be marked with somewhat less ridicule. Unfortunately, too, she has perpetuated the most absurd contradiction to her assumption of taking the lead in taste and science by the most unequivocal examples of her possessing neither one nor the other in architectural designs. These examples are to be seen conspicuously on the Calton Hill, where the crudest schemes have been employed in attempting to ornament that fine natural elevation, with the most paltry efforts to imitate the genuine elegance and unrivalled beauty of the city's great prototype, at an expense which would have sufficed to raise perhaps the original Parthenon itself.

Edinburgh however, with all its faults and all its pretensions to superiority, is a pleasant though somewhat dull town, with very agreeable society, though not generally of the first-rate order. It is true that there are persons of high intellectual attainments, but the age of these is declining, and the stock of literature and philosophy is wearing out rather than increasing ; while the want of commercial wealth also gives the city the air of a provincial town. Edinburgh in fact has long depended upon causes of a temporary and uncertain nature for its greatness, without the stable foundation of trade. It has depended much upon its far-famed College, and upon the legal influence of Scotland ; and the clippings, reductions, and fallings-off which have occurred, cramp the energies of the city, and restrain those flights of fancy in which the inhabitants have been wont to indulge and to boast.

While its ambitious views are thus arrested, Edinburgh falls from its high position, and will in time no doubt be inhabited by a very different race from that which lately graced its fine streets and squares. These probably will contain the town residences of wealthy merchants, manufacturers, and speculators ; to whom the city will be indebted for some restoration, perhaps, to its former greatness, which may be restored upon a more permanent basis.

These slight notices of Scotland should not be finished without reference to a society now spreading far and wide over the country ; a society elsewhere very prevalent, but of especial use in Scotland, where the love of whisky is indigenous and strong. This is no other than the Temperance Society ; of eminent utility in the little trading-towns, and it is to be hoped of no less among the punch-drinking classes of Glasgow. I met with many of different grades in society who belonged to it, and from each gathered an acknowledgment of the satisfaction which they felt in binding themselves to drink no spirituous liquors, and to the adoption of a general system of temperance. In answer to inquiries as to the positive advantages gained by such a rigid self-denial,—rigid certainly to those who can

afford no luxuries in the room of spirits, I found, among others, these advantages—uniformity of bodily health, increased and more permanent vigour under great exertion, strength and clearness of the mental powers, and moderation in temper and passion. That a system of drinking spirits is equally seductive and detrimental no one can reasonably doubt. The moral character of the Scotch, among the lower orders in towns and villages, has been observed to be much vitiated by this baneful indulgence, from its inflammatory and debilitating effects. It is noticed generally, that the water-drinker will beat the spirit-drinker in the exercises either of sport or labour. Crime, idleness, poverty, and disease, are nearly in all cases referrible to spirit-drinking.

The captain of a steamer on the Clyde got wet through early in the day, in cold blowing weather. Having omitted to put any change of clothes on board, he was cold and shivering, and some one recommended whisky, which he declined, alleging that he was a member of the Temperance Society, and enjoyed uninterrupted health ever since his enrolment, and wet or dry, cold or hot, his drink was water. He added his conviction, that if the captains of steamers were necessarily members of the Temperance Society before their appointments, such accidents as had recently happened might not have occurred.

In every view that may be taken of the country, the moral and physical state of Scotland has improved of late years, and is still advancing in improvement. The smaller towns are increasing in wealth and population, and the larger extending their boundaries; while cultivation advances, and education is making rapid progress. What share has the influence of the aristocracy in all this? The people tell you none; and probably they are nearly right. While Scotland is changing masters, her resources, instead of passing out of the country, return to her by the intelligence, industry, and spirit of improvement, which the intermediate class between the lord and the peasant so assiduously cultivates.

B.

DINNER-DIALOGUE DIVERSITIES.

"Twisted Yarn in considerable request."—MANCHESTER PRICE-CURRENT.

DULL men love domestic feeding,
 And all *given* dinners scout:
 Wits a wiser course are leading,
 Always, moth-like, "eating *out*."
 Others' dinners make us fatter,
 Whilst they *cheaply* bless, like priests—
 Double-zested's then each platter—
 O! ye loved promiscuous feasts!
 Of good things eaten, said, and rumour'd,
 Then what a Babel din occurs!
 Cross-talkings all, yet all good-humour'd,
 Where each his several speech prefers.

- "Have you seen Turin?"—"Some soup!"
 "Where's the . . .?" "Any thing that's new?"
 "In Sunderland I saw a group,
 Piteous!"—"Shall I *wine* with you?"
 "Let me help you to . . ." "An alderman—"
 "Fish"—"Miss Salmon, take a little
 Hare"—"I never saw so bald a man!"
 "Ma'am, this game"—"Sings like a kettle!"
 "Mr. Peel"—"A fine stew'd eel!"
 "Schedule A"—"Now, don't say nay!"
 "Lord Bacon, Sir, demands . . ." "Some veal?"
 "Respect and . . ." "Mint-sauce, Mr. Day!"
 "Grey's well"—"Bread, Sir?"—"Do you eat . . .?"
 "Vulgar wives are . . ." "Ribbs of beef?"
 "Sharp tormentors"—"Try some beet."
 "Longley's got a . . ." "Silence!"—"brief."
 "I ran, Ma'am, but the villain was . . ."
 "Pedro's fleet should have been . . ." "fleeter."
 "Poor Poland! Russia soon will, poz! . . ."
 "Sir, you're a very little . . ." "eat her."
 "That your child?"—"The duck is wild—"
 "The Port's sublime"—"The sublime Porte—"
 "She looks like . . ." "Chicken overboiled—"
 "Our monkey plays . . ." "The piano-forte—"
 "I thought he was a . . ." "Pigeon, Ma'am!"
 "Saint, a . . ." "How's your . . ." "Corn-laws"—"Bunyan."
 "Reform can do . . ." "A spoon!"—"no harm."
 "Brougham is really . . ." "Sage and onion."
 "Have you been in France?"—"French beans?"
 "Will you have . . ." "Hood's last"—"a merry-thought?"
 "Miss is in her . . ." "Velvet"—"teens—"
 "That's the wear!"—"Bob's worn with very thought!"
 "Sir Hector was . . ." "Some rabbit-pie?"
 "The mildest man"—"So nice and crusty!"
 "Weather"—"Wetherell"—"how dry!"
 "Proverbs!"—"Hunt and Cobbett"—"Musty!"
 "Our parrot's . . ." "Bayly"—"very tame—"
 "Blabs out . . ." "Ballads"—"Notes galore—"
 "British drama"—"What's the name?"—
 "Comedy has had a . . ." "Gore."
 "The noise . . ." "So softly sly Miss Pope meant . . ."
 "Alarm"—"to charm"—"affright"—"and please—"
 "Sad accident—a gun"—"Elopement!"
 "Went off"—"With damage?"—"Damages."
 "Russell's Measure"—"Some dessert?"
 "Shall I . . ." "Croker's candour"—"term it t' ye?"
 "O'Connell's zeal"—"The country's hurt—"
 "The *outs* will soon be all *in*"—"Furmety!"
 Such the miscellaneous joys
 Of dining out, in mix'd society—
 Gabble-gobble, chit-chat, noise,
 See-saw sayings, fun, variety!

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 “Pedro’s fleet should have been . . .” “fleeter.”
 “Poor Poland! Russia soon will, *poz!* . . .”
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 “That your child?”—“The duck is wild—”
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 “She looks like . . .” “Chicken overboiled—”
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 Such the miscellaneous joys
 Of dining out, in mix’d society—
 Gabble-gobble, chit-chat, noise,
 See-saw sayings, fun, variety!

D. G.

AN ANGLER'S VISIT TO CROOKED LANE.

WHEN I was a boy, I used to get my hooks and lines at a snug little fishing-tackle shop, lying back in the corner in Crooked Lane, kept by a man named Isaac Wimber. We used, I recollect, to call him "Old Wimber;" though it could not be so much on account of his positive age, which was not much above fifty, (and he had no serious infirmity that I know of,) as from the youth of myself and my companions; or perhaps, in part, from a certain easy, old-fashioned cut and manner which he had about him, the which is seldom attained, except as in his case constitutionally, until a man has been sobered by sixty or seventy years of age. Old Wimber, then, was a short-limbed man, something under the middle stature, not corpulent—for his mind, though a happy one and quietly joyous enough, was not that of a fat man—but possessing that moderate bulk and fleshiness of limb which gave a certain poise and deliberateness to his movements much in accordance with the quiet and regular, not insensible, temper of the man. But to return to his shop, which, as he seldom even put his head out of it, except now-and-then to look up and down the lane or see which way the wind blew, was, as it were, the outer case or shell of the man. A large carp hung over the doorway, and, when dangling in the wind, imitated not badly that ecstatic moment in the life of an angler, when, after a long day spent on the side of a dull pool, watching his quill float,—motionless, save when a little fresh-water cat's-paw has laid its top gently on one side, or a bit of ground-weed kindly mocked him with the semblance of a bite; when, after all this, a real nibble has come just in time to dissipate a nascent feeling of hope delayed, which begins to lour over his patient temper, and he sees at the end of his line a perch of a pound weight, dancing and glittering in the evening beam. On one side of the doorway hung a production of pictorial art; which, though less effective in stirring the imagination than the work of the carver above mentioned, has yet often carried the mind of the passing angler, easily excited, back to his favourite haunts and eddying streams. It presented a man a-fishing, and in the act of landing, or, as it is more scientifically termed, "killing" a fish. He is in full piscatorial costume, and furnished with all the apparatus of his art; standing on a little patch of most green meadow, and surrounded by the endless sinuosities of a gentle stream;—it seeming to have been a main point with the artist to wriggle into his canvass, or rather board, as much as possible of the element most connected with the subject of his work. The other door-post was garnished with bundles of fishing-rods of hazel and hickory. Landing-nets, fishing-baskets, piles of gentle-boxes, trimmers, and other implements of aquatic sport, decked the shop-window, like the tracery of the Gothic style, and nearly shut out the dim light that at all times prevailed in that narrow, shady lane. I have said that the shop was small; indeed I cannot think of a fishing-tackle shop of spacious dimensions and lighted up by a broad show-window, like a mere linen-draper or a silversmith. It should also not be too lofty; and the one in question was right in this respect too, for old Wim-

ber, and even his wife, with the help of a low pair of steps, could reach down the box that held his best fly-lines, lying on a shelf near the ceiling; that is, when I, being a tall young fellow and pretty much alive to what was going on, did not reach out before them and hand it down myself. A short narrow counter, at one end of which lay a glass-case of artificial flies; and in one corner a work-bench, where the old man, with spectacles on nose, set tapping and filing when no customer was in the shop, made up the furniture of the place. On the floor, however, were sundry bundles of garden-netting; the only article not connected with the recreative art which he had any thing to do with, and which, for some reason or other, he affected; for profit was not a point of mere necessity with him, and it was quite impossible for him to deal in any article he did not fancy.

All this was some fifteen years ago: and what a fifteen years! From eighteen to three-and-thirty, so often the period of destruction to early hopes and foolish expectations; far away from Crooked Lane all this time, and in part from England, the little fishing-tackle shop and its inhabitants, including a favourite old cat that usually sat purring on the counter, had been entirely pushed out of my notice by the more strenuous "idlesse" of life—angling for wealth or distinctions, which, even when attained, are so seldom found worth the bait and tackling risked in the catching of them; or, if any thing chanced to lead my mind back to honest old Wimber and his gentle-boxes, the idea had passed dimly and immaterially before me, like the events of a previous and past existence. At the former date, that is, when between seventeen and eighteen years of age, I had come to London, for the purpose of being broken-in for mercantile pursuits in the counting-house of a friend of my father's. A previous life however, spent pretty much in the fields and in sports of the country, had prepared me very badly for the confinement of the office and the copying of invoices and accounts current. No wonder then that I found my occupation terribly irksome to me for the first year or so. A day's fishing, therefore, at Carshalton or Hampton-Court was a great relief and solace to me; and even now I cannot recall the thought without bringing back, with all their freshness, some of the original delight of those moments. This treat was not unfrequently granted to me; for I was not considered as a mere clerk, and it was also thought better to bring my shoulder to the collar by degrees.

A first and preliminary pleasure on these occasions was a visit to Old Wimber. How have I found my spirits soothed and exhilarated on turning out of Fish Street Hill into Crooked Lane, and feeling the noise and jostle of its thousand carts and carmen grow faint and remote upon my ear, as I penetrated into the quiet and shady recesses of this mart of piscatory implements! Although hurrying on to one point, where all my desires concentrated, yet I could not help coquetting with a passing glance at the other tackle-shops which lay on the right-hand and on the left in my way up the lane; and sometimes, when the seducing contents of a window have drawn me aside to examine them more closely, I have seen the owner of

the shop watching my motions from the stand where he lurked, behind his piles of fish-cans and line-cases, and making sure, from my eager looks, that he had got a bite—the way in which they dress their windows showing that the arts of catching fish are, in some degree, played off by them on the passing angler himself. Happy was I when I found Old Wimber alone in his little, quiet, shady shop, tapping away leisurely at his work-bench, with his spectacles on nose; or only his wife there besides, whose looks and manners, either naturally or by the long and almost exclusive society of her husband, seemed exactly adapted to his,—moving noiselessly about the shop and back-parlour, which communicated with it by a glass-door, where, in the afternoon, the kettle was always heard piping and simmering on the fire for tea. Joyfully then I glided in between his fishing-rods and garden-netting; and, shutting the little half-door or wicket which prevented the uninitiated from coming abruptly in upon our mysteries, took possession of a high wooden stool—an article of furniture forgotten in the foregoing catalogue; perched on which, an hour or more would pass, quietly and dulcetly, in the most minute examination of fly-lines and fish-hooks of all sorts and dimensions, interspersed with fishing anecdotes, and particular directions respecting the holes and shallows, swifts and pools, of the river I was going to fish at, which his experience enabled him to point out as affording the best chance of having a good day's sport. Nor was it only on these set occasions that I called in Crooked Lane; for I often, by a slight deviation from the straight road and counting-house duty, took it in my way home from the Custom House, for the sake of ten minutes' quiet chat with the old man: and no slight solace was it on a sultry afternoon, to take refuge in that cool lane, where the sun scarcely ever reached below the second-floor windows, and ensconce myself in his dim-lighted little shop, talking about our favourite subjects, and wandering in imagination among the meadows and clear streams we loved so much. Methinks I can now see the honest, cheerful smile and quiet motion with which he used to rise from his work-bench to attend on, or, rather, to welcome me; for the similarity of our tastes had led him to view me more as a friend than a customer: and when any chance purchaser has dropped in upon us, I have observed a slight look—not of impatience, for that was a thing he was not much subject to—but of something which seemed to say, “I wish he had not come in just now.” One afternoon, preparatory to a fishing excursion, when we had been more than usually interested in our subject, and neither St. Martin's Church striking the usually welcome hour of five, or the jingling of the cups and saucers had been noticed or had reminded him that it was tea-time, the old lady came out at last to tell him that it was all ready, and, with a good-natured smile, invited me to join them. Not being willing to break off his story, just as he was on the point of landing a fine pike which he had been playing with for the last half-hour, I went in to enable him to kill his fish at his leisure; which he did, most minutely and dextrously, over three cups of tea and another good half-hour. This gave me an opportunity of seeing the indwelling part of their establishment, which I had previously only caught imperfect views of

through the glass-door above mentioned. Their back-parlour was more roomy than I should have expected from the narrow dimensions of the shop; and although only dimly lighted by a back casement, yet cheerful from the calm, quiet, orderly air, which one felt on entering it. The furniture was old and good,—not bought, at least by the present proprietors, but valuable in their eyes as being the bureau of an uncle, or the chairs and table of an aunt or a grandmother. A neat floor-cloth occupied the whole extent of the room; over part of which, towards the fire-place, was spread a piece of carpeting, so clean that every thread seemed to have had a separate brushing, and so old that every one of them might have been counted without any fear of a false reckoning. An old arm-chair for her husband stood beside the fire-place, and seemed by its gravity to claim the privilege of not being moved about the room, like the less dignified species of that ambulatory piece of furniture. A small shelf hung against the wall, with about a dozen books on it; among which I caught Walton's *Angler*, Quarles's *Emblems*, and a few others of inviting outsides; the rest might be *Ready-Reckoners* or old *Directories*, as far as regards the literary promise of their sheep-skin coatings: and below, on a table, lay a well-thumbed quarto Bible, covered with green baize. These articles, with an old clock, and a stuffed pike in a glass case over the mantel-piece, were the only things which my attention to the old man's story enabled me to glance at and inventory on this occasion. Such were, I believe, the state and particulars of the fishing-tackle shop and its proprietor at the epoch I have mentioned, if I may trust to my memory, and to the conceptions which seem, at least to me, to rise fresh and vividly as I retrace this portion of my boyish days.

After fifteen years' absence, for the most part far from England, I returned to London in the early part of last year; but my affairs, somewhat different from those which occupied me when I last resided in it, kept me almost wholly at a part of the town very different from my former track; and I should perhaps have left it again without even thinking of the interesting lane and my old friends in it, had it not happened that, returning to town one afternoon from Blackheath, where I had been to beat up an old friend, I inadvertently embarked in a coach bound to the "*Citce*," instead of one to the "*Cross*," as those sly and slippery fellows called *Cads*—one of whom kindly helped me into the wrong coach—technically distinguish the two ends of London. Stepping out of the coach in Gracechurch Street, where I had not been so long, it took me some time to take my bearings and recall my old recollections of the place. I soon perceived, however, that the time to pull down had come upon the neighbourhood of Fish Street Hill; and the thoughts of my old haunt, with all its dear accompaniments of dangling trouts and four-jointed fishing-rods pointing up to the second-floor windows, rushed at once tumultuously back upon my memory. The illusion was complete! Fifteen years, with all their events and changes, were repassed in an instant, and I was again in my boyish days. A week, it seemed, had not elapsed since I was seated on the high wooden stool, talking with Old Wimber about ground-baits and trimmers:

again was I an innocent angler, and the owner of sundry highly-valued fly-lines and fishing-rods. In this tone of mind I hurried along the narrow footway, anticipating vaguely the thing I was about to witness, and committing, I fear, sundry pieces of street mischief to the sober citizens in my passage. When however I arrived at the spot itself where Crooked Lane should have been, and saw the full extent of the merciless destruction which had been made there, my feelings were so overcome, that the top joint of a fly-rod in the hand of a child might have felled me at the moment. I have mused over the ruins of temples and amphitheatres, and have heard no sounds save the hum of the bee and the chirping of birds on the spot where rich and populous cities once stood; but the feeling was vague and distant: time, which had consecrated these objects, had also removed them from the sphere of my sympathies; but here was this recent destruction, not so much of the inevitable process of time as of the capricious blow of fortune and of man. I stood absorbed some time, and motionless; my eyes wandering slowly over the broken earth and scattered brickbats where Crooked Lane, alas! had been. On this spot it stood in all its glory when last I left it, with all its flourishing tackle-shops, their dangling ensigns, and well-stored windows,—a place altogether so interesting to an angler: and such, during my long absence, it had always presented itself to my mind. What, then, must have been the shock I felt on coming suddenly on its site, unprepared for any change, and finding it in its present state? An alteration I could have borne; a mere modification of what it had once been would not have affected me much; but here the very substance and outline of Crooked Lane was razed, lost, annihilated, vanished,—like the enchanted palace of Aladdin. While thus occupied, and in the bitterness of the moment, I felt all the Tory hatred of Reform creeping in upon me by this private avenue: and should, I think, have voted against that important measure, if I had been called upon to decide immediately after having seen the destruction of Old Wimber's fishing-tackle shop on the mere plea of improvement. Awakening however from the stupor which was the first effect of this cutting sight, I stalked, I don't know how long, over the crumbled walls and prostrate timbers, like Filicaja over the ruins of Genoa sacked by the Austrians, and repeated his celebrated sonnet beginning—

Genova mia! se con asciutto ciglio

Lacero e guasto il tuo bel corpo io miro, &c.

which he penned on that occasion; and which the scene before me strongly recalled to my memory. Satisfied in some degree, like an Italian hero, by a poetical expression of my regrets, I proceeded to a more minute examination of the ruins, and fancied at last that I had found the very spot where Old Wimber's shop had once stood,—turning over the rubbish with my foot, in the hope of finding my idea confirmed by some piece of old netting or rusty gentle-box. But sentimentality is, I fear, too fine a thing for this world, at least for the middle of London, where the abstraction of its indulgence would in most cases be cured by the gentle pressure of a cart-wheel, or the soft contact of a chest of drawers. Recovering therefore in part

from this fit of moody and excited feeling, excusable at least to an angler—for as Petrarch addressed his excuse to lovers only,

— *chi per prova intende amore* :—

so I look for sympathy only from the brothers of the angle—I was leaving the scene which had affected me so much, when, on turning the corner, I beheld a fishing-tackle shop new and sprucely fitted up,—a young phoenix just sprung from the ruins of his race lying around. From the owner—a very different sort of man from Old Wimber, and one who obviously sold his hooks and lines merely for profit—I learnt a few bare particulars only, which I could, for the most part, have supposed from my knowledge of the man. Old Wimber, he told me, had been much disturbed and afflicted at being routed out of the habitation where he had lived quietly and happily all his life—he had known no other dwelling; and to be thus stormed, in his old age, out of his snug corner by the battering-ram of improvement, seemed to him a peculiarly hard stroke of fortune. He had lingered in it as long as he possibly could; and, although he had received fair warning of the intention to pull down that part of the lane, was found quite backward and unprepared when the time arrived for carrying it into immediate effect:—his neighbours, however, had all ratted long before; and there was some danger, notwithstanding the props which he had put up on all sides, that the house would fall down about his ears:—that he had amused the committee appointed to value the property, by the simplicity of his statement of grievances, and the absurdly high value which he very innocently attached to his little old tackle-shop:—finally, that he had retired grumbling—a thing which I never knew him to do, except indeed sometimes on the subjects of catching white-bait and not keeping the fence-months—to a small but comfortable house near the New River, at Stoke Newington; where, as he is known to have eighty pounds a year in the Long Annuities, and his wife is one of the best makers of artificial flies in the trade, he was in no danger of pecuniary want; even if some of his old crony customers should not—which my informant seemed rather to apprehend—follow him to his retreat, partly on account of his tackle, which is for the most part made by himself and choicely good, but chiefly for old-acquaintance sake, and the agreeable intercourse of the man.

After hearing this somewhat consolatory statement, I left him and went homewards with, in some degree, a defeated grief, forming in the way the intention of paying an early visit to my old friend in his suburban and piscatory retreat at Stoke Newington, to see how he bears his misfortunes, and inform myself more fully of his case: and I have even some thoughts of proposing, by way of diverting his mind a little from his disaster, a fishing excursion for two or three days, on the plan and in the spirit of that of Isaak Walton,—the parts of Piscator and Scholar to be severally enacted by Old Wimber and myself, with all the gravity and simplicity due to the memory of his namesake, the great patriarch of the angle; to whom, in many points, though certainly at a humble distance, he may be said to bear some resemblance.

THE VIOLIN.—No. III.

THE connecting link between the ancient and modern schools of the violin is to be found in the person of Pugnani,—this great performer having been the pupil of Tartini, and the master of Viotti. By the ancient school we understand that which was founded by Corelli, and to which all the musicians we have already spoken of undoubtedly belong. These musicians, though they successively enlarged the powers of their instrument, and modernized the style of their composition, did so gradually, and preserved the leading characteristics of the founder of their school. But Viotti, one of those gifted beings who appear in all the arts at long intervals, though educated by a pupil of Tartini, broke through all the trammels of scholastic tuition, and following the guidance of a vigorous mind, a creative fancy, and an exquisite taste, struck into a totally new path, both in composition and performance. He thus became the founder of a new school, to which almost every great performer since his time may be considered as belonging. Before speaking of this great man, however, we have a few words to say respecting his master; and also respecting another artist who, for a time, was looked upon as his rival—Jarnovick.

Pugnani was born at Turin in 1758. He at first received instructions from Somis, who was one of Corelli's best pupils, and afterwards from Tartini. He was distinguished throughout Europe as a very great performer, and composed a great deal of music, not only for his instrument, but for the theatre. His dramatic works were very successful; but they, as well as his compositions for the violin, are now forgotten. He died in 1798, at the age of forty. He was a man of some strength and originality of character. It is related of him that he was one day at a party in company with Voltaire, when the poet recited some verses which he had lately written, to which the musician listened with great interest and attention. Afterwards, Pugnani, being requested by Madame Denys (the poet's celebrated niece) to perform on the violin, complied with her request; but finding that Voltaire continued talking, and paid no attention to his performance, he stopped, and locked up his violin, exclaiming,—“*M. de Voltaire fait très bien les vers, mais, quant à la musique, il n'y entend pas le diable!*” His playing is described as having been broad and noble, and characterized by that commanding sweep of the bow which afterwards formed so grand a feature in the performance of Viotti: indeed, it appears, that the germs of Viotti's high qualities are to be traced to the instructions of his master. One of Pugnani's greatest talents was that of leading an orchestra; and this he had the art of communicating to his pupils, who were generally distinguished for their excellence in this respect.

Jarnovick (or Giornovichi) was a sort of erratic star, or meteor, which cannot be brought into the system of the regular planets of the violin. Slightly educated, and shallow as a musician, his native talent, and the facility with which he was able to conquer mechanical difficulties, rendered him so brilliant and powerful a player, that, for a time, he was quite the rage both in France and England. He was born at Palermo in 1745, and received instructions from the celebrated French composer and violinist, Lulli. After having enjoyed the highest favour in the French metropolis, he came to England; and, between the years 1792 and 1796, his performances attracted crowds, not only in London, but in all parts of Great Britain and Ireland. His star, however, faded under the superior brilliancy of that of Viotti, whom he vainly attempted to rival; and a dispute with a London professor, (still of the highest eminence,) in which public opinion was strongly against him, so injured

his popularity, that he left this country. He died of apoplexy at St. Petersburg, in 1804.

Jarnovick was a man of very eccentric character, and some amusing anecdotes are related of him. At Lyons, he, on one occasion, announced a concert at six francs a ticket. No audience appearing, he resolved to be revenged on the stinginess of the Lyonnese, and postponed the performance to the following evening, reducing the price of admission to three francs. A crowded audience assembled; but, while they were waiting in vain for the performer, he was many miles off on his road to Paris. He often quarrelled with the famous Chevalier de St. George, who was the first swordsman of his day and a good violinist. One day, in the heat of a dispute, Jarnovick gave this formidable opponent a box on the ear; but St. George, with admirable moderation, coolly turned round to a person present, and said—"J'aime trop son talent pour me battre avec lui!"

Jarnovick, as we have said, was but a slender musician. We have been told by a gentleman who knew him well, that he has seen him, with his violin in his hand, walking about his room, and groping about on the strings for basses to the melodies he was composing. His concertos are agreeable and brilliant, but destitute of profundity and grandeur, and are therefore totally thrown aside. His performance was graceful and elegant, and his tone was pure. He was remarkably happy in his manner of treating simple and popular lively airs as rondos, returning ever and anon to his theme, after a variety of brilliant excursions, in a way that used to fascinate his hearers. But, both as a composer and a performer, the effect he produced was ephemeral, and has left no trace behind it. He contributed nothing either to the progress of music, or of the instrument which he cultivated.

Not so the admirable Giovanni Battista Viotti. He was a native of Padua, and was born in 1755. As we already said, he was a pupil of Pugnani; and, at the age of twenty, was appointed first violinist to the Royal Chapel of Turin. He went to Paris about the year 1778; and had no sooner appeared in public than he was hailed as the first master of the age. Jarnovick, at that time, was in the height of his fame, but he was unable to contend with his young rival, who excited universal admiration, both by the grand and expressive style of his compositions and by his masterly performance. An anecdote is told of him at this time, as a trait of the independence of spirit which belongs to genius, but which rather indicates the impetuosity of a hot-headed youth. His fame having attracted the attention of the Queen, the unhappy Marie Antoinette, he was invited to perform at a concert at Versailles. The room was crowded with persons of distinction belonging to the court; and Viotti had begun a solo, which was listened to with breathless attention, when a buzz was heard in the room of—"Place à Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!" and some bustle took place in making way for the Prince. Viotti, indignant at the interruption, placed his violin under his arm and walked out of the room, to the great amazement and displeasure of the company. We confess we see little to admire in this and similar traits of petulance, which it is common to relate as being to the credit of men of genius. It is added, that he took the resolution never again to perform in public in France, and adhered to it.

In 1790 Viotti was driven from Paris by the storms of the Revolution. He came to London, where he appeared at the memorable concerts carried on by Salomon, and where his reception was as enthusiastic as it had been in France. In 1794 and 1795 he had some concern in the management of the Opera-house, and soon after became leader of the orchestra at that theatre. He was in this situation, when one evening, while he was enjoying himself in the society of his friends, he suddenly received an order from Government to leave England immediately.

This measure must of course have proceeded from some of the political suspicions so readily entertained in those troublous times, though there was nothing in Viotti's quiet and blameless life that could have given ground for them. His soul was given to an art which one profoundly acquainted with human nature has declared to be adverse to "treasons, stratagems, and spoils;" and no man has ever lived whose character has been more corroborative of the truth of this sentiment. It has been surmised, (and indeed there is no other way of accounting for this strange occurrence,) that Viotti fell a victim to calumnious information dictated by professional jealousy. He was a man of such a delicate and sensitive mind, that this unhappy event gave a shock to his feelings, from which it was long before they recovered.

Being thus driven from England, Viotti took up his residence in a retired spot in the neighbourhood of Hamburg, where he produced some of his finest compositions. Among these are his celebrated Six Duetts Concertante, for two violins; in the preface to which he alludes to the circumstance, which still affected his mind:—"Cet ouvrage est le fruit du loisir que le malheur me procure; quelques morceaux ont été dictés par la peine, d'autres par l'espoir." And in truth, we know of no musical work which seems to have proceeded more directly from a feeling heart than these exquisite duetts.

In 1801, Viotti found no further obstacle to his return to London. Having determined to abandon the musical profession, he embarked his capital in the wine trade. After many years, the undertaking proved unfortunate, and he was obliged to give it up, with the loss of his whole fortune. In this situation he solicited some appointment from the French court; and Louis XVIII. conferred on him the management of the Grand Opera. But his age, and his long life of retirement, disqualified him for a situation so full of bustle and intrigue; and his management was an unsuccessful one. He obtained permission to retire on a pension, and returned to London, to the society and habits of which he had become, as it were, naturalized. But his health was irreparably injured by his cares and misfortunes; and, after declining for some time, he died on the 3rd of March, 1824.

Viotti's character appears, from the concurring testimony of all who knew him, to have been of an exalted kind. We have already mentioned the delicacy and sensibility of his mind; and the purity of his life preserved to him that strong feeling of the most simple and innocent enjoyments, which is seldom found to survive a continued intercourse with the world. One who knew him well (M. Eymar) thus beautifully describes this part of his character. "Never did a man attach so much value to the simplest gifts of nature, and never did a child enjoy them more passionately. A simple violet discovered among the grass would transport him with joy; a pear, a plum, gathered fresh by his own hand, would, for the moment, make him the happiest of mortals;—the perfume of the one had always something new, and the taste of the other something more delicious than before. His organs, all delicacy and sensibility, seemed to have preserved undiminished their youthful purity. In the country, every thing was to this extraordinary man an object of fresh interest and enjoyment. The slightest impression seemed communicated to all his senses at once; every thing affected his imagination; every thing spoke to his heart, and he yielded at once to its emotions."

He himself illustrates this part of his character, in the account which he gives of his picking up one of the varieties of the famous Ranz des Vaches among the mountains of Switzerland.

"The Ranz des Vaches which I send you," he says to a friend, "is neither that with which our friend Jean Jaques has presented us,¹ nor that of which M. de la Borde speaks in his work upon music. I cannot

¹ Rousseau, in his "Dictionnaire de Musique."

say whether it is known or not ; all I know is, that I heard it in Switzerland ; and, once heard, I have never since forgotten it

" I was sauntering alone, towards the decline of day, in one of those sequestered spots where we never feel a desire to open our lips. The weather was mild and serene ; the wind, which I detest, was hushed ; all was calm—all was in unison with my feelings, and tended to lull me into that melancholy mood, which, ever since I can remember, I have been accustomed to feel at the hour of twilight.

" My thoughts wandered at random, and my footsteps were equally undirected. My imagination was not occupied with any particular object, and my heart lay open to every impression of pensive delight.

" I walked forward, I descended into the vallies, and traversed the heights. At length chance conducted me to a valley, which, on arousing myself from my waking dream, I discovered to abound with beauties. It reminded me of one of those delicious retreats so beautifully described by Gessner ; flowers, verdure, streamlets, all united to form a picture of perfect harmony.

" There, without being fatigued, I seated myself mechanically on a fragment of rock, and again fell into that kind of profound reverie which so totally absorbed all my faculties, that I forgot whether I was upon earth.

" While thus sitting, wrapped in this slumber of the soul, sounds broke upon my ear, which were sometimes of a hurried, sometimes of a prolonged and sustained, character, and were repeated in softened tones by the echoes around. I found they proceeded from a mountain-horn ; and their effect was heightened by a plaintive female voice. Struck as if by enchantment, I started from my lethargy, listened with breathless attention, and learned, or rather engraved upon my memory, the *Ranz des Vaches*, which I send you. But, in order to understand all its beauties, you ought to be transported to the scene in which I heard it, and to feel all the enthusiasm that such a moment inspired."¹

This extreme sensibility and simplicity of character acquired an additional charm from their union, not only with great genius, but with a strong and highly cultivated intellect. Viotti passed his life in the society of the accomplished, the literary, and the scientific ; and his mind thus acquired strength as well as refinement. In his intercourse with the great, he never for a moment forgot the dignity of their rank, or of his own character. All his transactions were regulated by the strictest integrity and honour, and his feelings prompted him to unceasing acts of kindness and benevolence.

As a musician, it may be truly said of him, that though the *virtuosi* of the present day execute difficulties which were not attempted in his time, yet, in all the highest qualities that belong to performance, he has never been surpassed. His compositions for the violin remain, to this day, unrivalled in grandeur and nobleness of design, graceful melody, and variety of expression. They still furnish, when performed by the surviving disciples of his school, one of the most delightful treats which can be enjoyed by a lover of the great and beautiful in music.

In this slight sketch, it is impossible to give an account of the numerous great violinists who have succeeded Viotti. Some of the greatest of them, such as Rode, were his pupils ; and, generally speaking, they have taken him as their model both in composition and performance. Rode, who died lately, is generally considered as having made the nearest approach to the excellencies of his master ; and our Mori is allowed to be one of the greatest ornaments of his school.

¹ The *Ranz des Vaches*, thus discovered by Viotti, will be found, together with other varieties of the Swiss national air, in the "*Harmonicon*" for March and April, 1824. The latter Number contains a Memoir of Viotti, of which we have availed ourselves in the present article.

The violinists of Germany have, for a long time, been distinguished for their skill in executing difficult passages with the left hand; but they have generally been deficient in tone and the management of the bow. The German compositions for the violin, too, are over-laboured and too full of chromatic passages, and want the broad, simple, vocal character of the Italian music of the same class. This, in truth, is the prevailing vice of the Germans in every kind of music. They have not a strong feeling for simple and natural melody; even in a ballad, they think it necessary to carry the voice through a variety of remote keys, and to load the accompaniment with strange and unexpected harmonies. This, like all other general remarks, admits of exceptions: but there is not one German writer, however great, to whom it may not in numberless instances be applied.

Among the German violinists, the highest place is due to Spohr. This great artist was born in 1784; and his talent exhibited itself so early, that he was able at twelve years old to play a concerto of his own composition, at Brunswick, with great applause. He is now *maestro di capella* at Cassel. Spohr's performance has always excited enthusiastic admiration in Germany; but in his visits to France and England he was less successful. In Paris his style of playing was considered cold; and when he came to England in 1820, and performed at the Philharmonic Concerts, he failed to produce the effect which was expected from him. The fineness of his tone, and the purity and finish of his execution, excited the admiration of the *conoscenti*; but even in them admiration was unmixed with warmer feelings, and of course the multitude was wholly unmoved. The cold reception which this great master met with in England is much to be regretted: but, at that time, his true character as a musician was unknown to the public, and perhaps to himself. Since then, he has abandoned the violin, and betaken himself to the very highest walk of composition. Were the author of "The Last Judgment," of "Faust," and of "Zemira and Azor," to return to England, he would be hailed with the enthusiasm due to the greatest master of the age.

We cannot terminate these notices without mentioning Paganini; but as every magazine and newspaper has been filled with him *usque ad nauseam*, we shall make respecting him only a single remark. In England, as elsewhere, Paganini has been made the subject of unmeasured eulogy or unmeasured detraction;—he has been either a divinity or a *charlatan*. He is neither. He is a man of great genius, brilliant imagination, and profound feeling; and, by a course of the most laborious practice, he has attained a command of his instrument wholly unexampled. His amazing powers of execution contribute immensely to the effect of his performance; they render his instrument a "most miraculous organ," able to give utterance to the wildest flights of fancy, or the language of the most intense feeling. But there never was a performer, either vocal or instrumental, possessed of very extraordinary execution, who did not abuse the gift. Catalani's wonderful powers of this kind ruined the most enchanting actress, and the most expressive singer, that perhaps ever appeared. We do not say that Paganini abuses his powers to an equal extent, but he does abuse them. When Paganini plays one of his regular Concertos, written in the broad open style of Viotti, and full of enchanting and pathetic melodies, he is divine. When he plays his "fantastic tricks," intermixing *pizzicato* notes, bowed passages, and chirping harmonics, to make people stare, he certainly approaches, in some degree, to the *charlatan*.

A DAY AT LULWORTH.

THE abolition of monasteries, which succeeded the former revolution in France, caused a fraternity of Trappists to seek refuge from the general persecution of religious orders under the protection of the proprietor of Lulworth Castle, on the coast of Dorsetshire; their patron being a rigid Catholic, and much governed by the priests. They had been established many years when I visited them; my curiosity being excited by the current reports of the severities to which their order subjected them in the habitual discipline of the convent. The day selected for the visit was quite in harmony with the objects in view; a cold, bleak, cloudy morning, which terminated in rain, without a single ray of the sun to enliven a December gloom. Mr., now Cardinal, Weld was paying his temporal and spiritual devotions at the Quirinal Palace and the shrine of St. Peter; but, in the absence of the family from Lulworth, his huntsman regularly exercised a small pack of harriers round the neighbouring hills among the goss covers, for the amusement of a few sportsmen and his own profit. Three of us proceeded one morning to enjoy our customary diversion; but the bleakness of the wind which swept the hills overlooking the sea induced the huntsman to keep the hounds at home, and we, in consequence, determined to make up for our disappointment by riding over to Lulworth. In summer, this little retired spot is an object of attraction, from its romantic cove and fine castle; while many parties, doubtless, are drawn there by the savoury idea of boiled lobsters, usually provided for their refreshment at the small public-house of the village; where "mine host" was wont to rivet the attention of the juvenile portions of his guests especially, while the older refused him not their ears, to tales of the castle and the convent, about which, as in most Catholic families of distinction, and among religious institutions, there hung a cloud of mystery, which the young votaries of worldly enjoyments love to penetrate.

Leaving our horses at the inn, we walked directly up to the convent situated a little way beyond the village, impressed with feelings which the stories we had heard unavoidably excited. Nor were these feelings diminished by the gloomy solitude and silence of the scenery around, interrupted only by the howling wind and the roaring of the waves, which beat against the precipitous rocks surrounding the cove, and sustaining the massive walls of the castle.

A plain white-washed building, with few and small windows, apparently created out of a barn or granary and an old farm-house, was encircled by a high wall enclosing also a muddy court-yard, and a garden destined to supply the fraternity merely with the necessary herbs and seeds on which the meagre-fed brethren were nourished. We lifted the heavy knocker of a rude door surmounted by a crucifix, and a lay-brother, resembling him represented in the Opera of the Duenna, answered our modest knocking. An order from "the family" was demanded; and for want of it we urged our special journey (about twenty miles), names, and rank; all of which was transmitted to the superior, while we remained some time unbidden in the court-yard, where the only sign of life was the deep

barking of an old house-dog, who rivalled his human associates in misanthropy.

At length the creaking hinges of the door were heard again, and, with an injunction to be sparing of speech, we were bidden to follow the animated shadow which flitted in the owl-light before us, through various winding passages. Had I been alone, and had that crime which has lately so shocked humanity been then in existence, I think I should have "pulled in resolution," and told the miserable *cicerone* that I would call another time. But, as companionship imparts courage, on we went, filled with vivid recollections of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, accompanied with an urgent curiosity also to see, for the first time, living monks and a real monastery. One of the former passed us in our way, clothed in the dingy habit of his order fastened round the waist with a twisted cord. He bowed as he passed; and we were told, in a whisper, that he was recently arrived; and from not associating with the rest of the brethren, and having a separate apartment, he was supposed to be a man of rank, known only to the superior, and concerning whom conjecture was rife, but no inquiry permitted. What this recluse really was my story will hereafter disclose.

The general furniture of the convent appeared to be neat and clean, but of coarse materials and rude construction, while its scantiness evinced either the penury of the institution, or the denial which formed part of the monastic discipline peculiar to the order of La Trappe. There might be a third explanation of the ill-lighted bareness of the walls and floors, together with the general aspect of privation and devotion, an explanation which occurred to us subsequently—there might have been studied effect and deception in their display before visitors.

We entered the refectory and the dormitory, neither of which bore any sign of luxury, or even of ordinary comfort. The needful repose of man seemed scarcely provided for in the one, nor the "creature comforts" in the other. Meat was forbidden, except when prescribed for the health of the inmates. Vegetable broth, bread, and water, formed, we were told, the chief resources of the culinary department of the convent; and, in the very act of enjoying these, around the disconsolate-looking table, the superior was accustomed to remind the brotherhood occasionally during the repast not to indulge the appetite for food, so as to divert their thoughts for an instant from heaven. This spiritual memento was introduced by the rap of a stout oaken-stick upon the table; when instantly, every hand raised to the mouth was arrested and held still where it was, until a second rap permitted it to proceed in its carnal office, the interval being employed in silent ejaculation to the Deity, or perhaps, with some, in "curses not loud but deep" against the inexorable superior, who so compelled them to mortify a not unnatural desire.

In the dormitory a similar mortification nightly awaited the unconscious sleepers, although "upon uneasy pallets stretching them," in the occasional tinkling of an obtrusive bell, that peremptorily hurried them from their recumbent position to the cold stones of the chapel, where on bended knees they were obliged to pray and meditate.

From the refectory and the dormitory we were conducted to the

chapel, with renewed injunctions to ask no questions while there, and to preserve the strictest silence. Here we found about thirty, I think, of the brethren, in their coarse black habits and cord belts, with rosary, shaved crowns, and fixed eyes; some kneeling, and others prostrate upon the stony floor,—picturesquely grouped, *à la Rembrandt*, about the steps of the altar and other parts of the chapel. All were silent and motionless, and regarded our intrusion no more than if they were so many marble statues. Some of the monks were old and haggard, and others young and better conditioned than might be conceived of men fed, or rather starved, as they were represented to be. Their features appeared generally to be coarse and vulgar. The chapel itself was perfectly plain, and unadorned but by a few of the customary figures and paintings, representing disgusting situations of saints and martyrs under voluntary torture and privation. Lamps that “shed a pale and ineffectual light,” crucifixes, and images of the Virgin and Son, were duly scattered about the niches of the chapel.

From the chapel we were conducted to the superior’s room, a small scantily-furnished apartment, with however an appearance of greater comfort than elsewhere about the building, from the presence of a plain chair and table, some religious books, a cot, and a little fire. The superior himself possessed somewhat more of the aspect of a gentleman than the rest of the brethren, as well as the dim light of a lamp allowed us to observe his figure; of which certainly, whatever might have been his mode of living, rotundity formed no such feature as I have seen among the jolly monks in Spain and Portugal. He related to us the habits of his order, from which we learnt further particulars than had been related by the *cicerone*. Silence seemed to be the rule of the establishment during the whole twenty-four hours, the exceptions being very few: one of the brethren, we were told, had never been known to speak for about thirty years, in accordance with a vow, and was supposed to have become dumb.

When one monk met another, the salutation was limited to this simple expression—“Brother, we must die.” And lest this fact should not have been sufficiently kept in recollection, a grave was constantly open in the burying-ground at hand, the digging of which was a source of bodily exercise and recreation to the brethren; a new one being always made when a tenant was found for that which already gaped to receive him.

I need scarcely observe, that from the rigid silence vowed and practised, the order of La Trappe includes no females in its over-zealous ordinances. The only books allowed those who could read were Missals and the Bible, which were constantly in their hands.

Medical aid was not denied, when occasion required it, from one qualified to practise among the Weld colony in the village, who of course was no heretic; but the ordinary management of the *materia medica* furnished by the garden rested with such of the fraternity as were gifted in the art of healing.

In addition to all the mortification of the flesh pointed out to us, we were given to understand that the twisted cords around the waist were frequently employed in self-inflicted scourgings at the altar, to which the superior exhorted the brethren as a penance for past, and humiliation for future, sins; a ceremony which, by all accounts, was

in some instances unjustly taken out of the hands of the public executioner, while in others, perhaps, the cord might not at all have been misapplied if its adjustment to the neck, instead of the waist, had been anticipated by the same functionary.

Having thanked the superior for his courtesy, and rewarded the not unwilling lay-brother or domestic, we took our leave, and prepared to return at a round trot over the hills, to enjoy the warm and smoking comforts of a more rational and congenial ordination of Christianity which awaited us at home, but which the lateness of the evening and a pouring rain induced us to change for our host at the inn's crackling fire, with promise of good mutton-chops, home-brewed ale, and brandy-and-water of such flavour as "the moonshine" of a remote sea-side village, opposite the French coast, not unfrequently affords to those who come not with the suspicious bearing of informers. The combination of misery and mystery, which we had spent nearly two hours in contemplating, had struck a cold damp to the heart that was delightfully contrasted with the feelings excited by the homely comforts of our little inn, the loquacious host, the cheerful landlady, and the rosy-cheeked children playing about; and of which the prospects of a cheerless ride had no power to lessen the inspiration. Shivering from what we had seen and heard, we were glad, while the frugal meal was preparing, to assist the ostler in cleaning and feeding our horses, which soon restored us to the warm glow of health and content.

Our inquiries after dinner naturally reverted to the monastery; but little beyond conjecture and vague reports could be elicited from our host, who evidently imagined more than he really knew; although it appeared that home questions were sometimes put to some youths about the convent, who were employed in the service of the fraternity. These youths we observed on coming away, and walking round the out-door premises. They were close-shaved, wore a sort of coarse kind of woollen cap, jacket, and trowsers, and wooden shoes; and their duties obliged them to hold occasional intercourse with the villagers. We were told they were strictly attached to the order, though not yet bound by voluntary vows to heaven, and were in a state of servitude and probation. Moreover, it was said that any attempt at escape, telling tales out of school, or any other infringement of the rules of the convent by which they were bound, was visited with fearful lashings, vigils, and privations.

Among the younger members of this institution was one of superior appearance, whose fixed melancholy and reserve had not escaped notice. He was frequently employed in the garden, where he was to be seen busied apart from his associates, often apparently absorbed in reflection, but no doubt wholly unconscious of the fate which awaited him, or the prominent part he was destined to play in the affairs of the convent at no very distant period. His abstraction latterly was attributed by some to remorse for some unabsolved sin that weighed heavily upon him; and this conjecture proved in time to be true in part, although he was an involuntary and passive participator of crimes, the knowledge of which he could not divulge.

One of the reports of the village represented some persons to have arrived from France in search of a criminal, supposed to have taken

shelter under the mask of religious devotion in the monastery. "The illustrious stranger," of whom I spoke as having encountered as we walked through the passages to visit the refectory, &c., was suspected to be the object of their search; but the protecting influence of the order caused these persons to return without the offender they were in quest of. Our Government was said to have sent down an agent; but the objects and results of his inquiries did not transpire, although the village gossips had much to talk about in consequence of these domiciliary visits. Suspicion hung over the fraternity and was whispered abroad; and their rites and privations were attributed by many to a system of deception, or, at least, carried on to give a colour to sinister motives, if not to conceal crimes.

At length a small family sought retirement one summer in the prettily situated little bathing-place of Lulworth, celebrated for its pure and balmy air. They occupied a house overlooking the convent-garden, and from the chamber-window of a romantically disposed young lady, whose health was the object of the residence, the mysterious young man was daily to be observed. The opportunity suggested to him he sought to improve, and succeeded in attracting the attention of the young lady.

At first, timidity and modesty begat fears and reserve in the fair one, which however curiosity and a growing interest in the cause of these feelings gradually dissipated. Imagination was busy in endowing the recluse with qualities which sensitive young ladies are apt to conjure up, in the absence of known facts; where a mystery exists, the tongue is tied and the eyes are eloquent. The dumb efforts on the part of the Trappist became too marked and constant to be mistaken any longer, and at length a communication was actually made to this effect:—That the communicator was imprudently domiciliated against his feelings and inclinations, was above his apparent station in society, and earnestly desired to effect his escape; any unsuccessful attempt at which would be severely visited by his watchful associates, whose power over a rebellious brother amply afforded the means of the most revengeful chastisement which their strict order prescribed. The curiosity and interest excited were thus redoubled, and plans for forwarding his wishes were meditated.

Further communication revealed, that disgust for the monastic life, in the present case, was engendered by a system of horrors, crimes, and deceptions, the knowledge of which lay heavy on the mind; and that nothing but their confession could restore peace to the stricken conscience, which had long been an unwilling witness of their perpetration. It was also communicated, that evidence could be given which would so criminate the fraternity as to leave no doubt of its truth, and of the necessity of breaking up the establishment.

When information to this effect was given, the young lady prudently determined not to be the sole depositary of it; and although the possibility of its fiction naturally suggested itself, yet it was properly deemed a duty to transmit the information to Government. Accordingly agents, fully empowered, were sent down to examine the proffered evidence. Rumour said, that murder and other crimes were stated to have caused the residence and vows of many of the

fraternity at this place, in order to expiate by the severity of the monastic discipline their past lives, and obtain an effectual seclusion from justice. Among these worthies was "the illustrious stranger."

But their crimes appeared not to have been limited to antecedent events, and to have been occasionally committed within the walls of the monastery from the fervour of bigoted zeal, a disordered intellect, or a tormented conscience. Monks were said to have been strangled for revenge, punishment, or expiation; sick and aged brethren were reported to have been immolated before they drew their last breath; and various cruelties practised, for which religious zeal was the alleged apology. But all this might be false, or exaggerated, and the accusation of deception in the appearance of rigid devotion, during the presence of strangers, also feigned, for the purpose of escape from an order, at best, repugnant to the feelings and disposition of youth. Where was the proof to substantiate the truth of the evidence? It was confined to this:—An infant left in charge at the monastery had actually been decapitated, and now lay buried at hand! Its simple priest-ridden parents, on their return to see their offspring, were told that it was "happy—had been removed from this sinful world uncontaminated, and become a saint!" The irresponsible being had been devoted as an innocent offering for atonement and worship; but the manner of its transformation was concealed from the parents, who returned to France satisfied with the story they were told. The grave was pointed out by the horror-struck informant; and, on opening it, an infant's body was found with the head severed from the trunk! The consequence to the fraternity need scarcely be told. They were sent out of the country without delay, and the whole establishment was broken up.

But what became of the interesting youth, who had so successfully proved, in one instance at least, the truth of his confessions, and shown such good cause for uneasiness and disgust in his conventual life? Once at large and a free agent, he cultivated the fruits of his horticultural labours; for the seeds of love, which he had sown, had ripened and become mature in the genial soil they were planted in.

Having thrown off the habit and character of a Trappist, and assumed the garb proper to his worldly estate, he wooed, proposed for, and married the young lady, who was his deliverer from the cruel bondage of "wolves in sheep's clothing." But she had also thrown around him her silken web, and released him from one captivity to ensnare him into another. To which bondage the happy captive gave the preference need not be inquired, when it is told that a race of little Trappists gradually sprung up; evincing that man, especially in his youth, is not destined by Providence to harden his heart as a cold ascetic in the severe privations of a monastery, nor to be doomed to celibacy under the formal restraints of a detestable creed and a false principle of religious zeal.

I have now only to add, that I knew the heroine of this story; the principal facts of which were communicated to me by one of her relatives.

THE SIMPKIN PAPERS.

No. IX.

Dear Simpkin,

Cove of Cork, January 1st, 1832.

I have not forgotten you—I send you a *stave*—a “*regular-built*” sea-song, which *is* (though I say it) a true picture of a *cutting-out* job. Like Dibdin, I do not deal in the maudlin, or sentimental—and, if I do deal a little in the way of Death—why, it’s all in the way of business.—I swear it will please all seamen, and I trust you will understand my *touches* in the way of *technicals*.

This is the first attempt which has been made in rhyme to depict a boarding business—Show it to the Old Admiral.

Ever yours,

W. N. G.

THE BOARDERS.

(A Sea-Song.)

Hurrah! heave ahead—tumble up—tumble aft,
The Skipper’s intent on a fray—
He’s *long* had an eye on the enemy’s craft,
The brig in the bight o’ the bay.

The ship’s all alive—the ship’s company crush,
And crowd round the capsen on deck,
And all volunteer in a regular rush
To join in the *spree* and the *spec*.

“The craft,” says the Skipper, “is worth cuttin’ out,
And so,” says the Skipper, says he,
“Be sober, be silent, be steady and stout,
Attend every man unto me.

“Each man will ’ave sarv’d out a station in turn,
Confusion in fight to prevent,
So board on the quarter, the bow, or the stern,
You know on what bus’ness you’re bent.

“There’s Turner can handle a hatchet in style,
The cable he’ll cut with a clip;
But *chain* shou’d it be, a sledge-hammer and file
Will help to unshackle and *slip*.

“The jib too, there’s Jackson can loose in a crack,
And Warren can run to the wheel;
But *mind*! though your slaughter be seemin’ to slack,
Slack nothin’ in duty or zeal.

“To guard again’ fellin’ a friend for a foe,
You’ll all wear a similar mark,
For many’s the quick and unmerited blow
Has levell’d a lad in the dark.

“So round the right arm clap a whit see o’ duck,
Your cutlasses carefully grind—
Secure in your belts, see your pistols b tuck,
No boat leaves a grapnel behind.

“And now,” says the Skipper, “I’ve never no more
To say—but to *say* you’ll succeed;
So down ev’ry man now, and muffle his oar,
And ready get all that you need.”

The boats are now mannin'—the moon's goin' down,
 And messmates are shakin' a fist,
 The pass-word is NELSON—that *name* o' renown,
 That bows every name on the list.

Toss'd up are the oars, and *success* is the word,
 And eager are all for the start,
 "Shove off," says the Skipper, "and bring out your bird—
 Be careful don't company part."

Like pirates we pull, but with consciences clear;
 For e'en shou'd we *fail* or we fall,
 There's never disgrace,—nor we've nothin' to fear,
 But death from a pike or a ball.

The land-breeze springs up from the south'rn side,
 The boats are fast closin' the port,
 The foe is diskiver'd to *tend* to the tide,
 The sentry heard hailin' the fort.

Then, strike out, my lads, in the cutter and barge,
 The pinnace *see!* boards on the bow.
 The launch lags astern—she's heavy and large,
 But soon she'll be up for the row.

There!—*slap* goes the cable,—and *up* goes the jib,
 And *off* she pays round on her heel;
 Our officer's *hit*—"only *stuck* in the rib,"
 He cries, as he slashes his steel.

She's *all* our own for'ard—let's sally abaft,
 The quarter-deck yet we've to gain;
 What *say* ye, my sons!—with a Well fore and aft,
 And show we don't rally in vain.

The cutlasses clash, and the blades on 'em fly,
 And pistols flash full in the face,
 But nothin' can stand us,—so never say Die!
 Hurrah! and we're gainin' apace.

They take to their fins, and they take to their feet,
 The enemy scamper around;
 The taupsails¹ quick loose—and quick home with 'em sheet,
 'Twont *do* for to get her a-ground.

The batteries *bang!*—how they scatter the grape!
 The forts appear fairly a fire,
 The *sticks* only stand,—and the stays but escape,
 And *bang* they may blaze till they tire.

So port a bit, bo—keep the lights in a line,
 Keep right in the strength o' the tide;
 We've plenty o' water—she deepens to nine,—
 The shoal's on the opposite side.

And now, my sea sons! for three *thundering* cheers,
 For *short* fall the shot from the fort.
 We draw off the land—and the frigate we near,
 She'll soon tow the prize into port!

¹ Topsails.

No. X.

Dear Uncle,

Hill Street, January 23, 1832.

How can you be so unfashionable as to remain at Brighton during the best part of the season? If in your younger days our papas and mammas preferred going to the sea-side in spring and summer, you give the preference to winter. We are all alive—Reformation is the go—and as the House of Commons will soon be full of stiff Quakers and long-faced Whigs, so in private life we shall imitate it, and become as grave as even you, my good uncle, can desire. We women are all reformers, and I battle the Tory scarlet-coats of the Guards most perseveringly upon the subject. Heaven knows! they want reformation. They live in their club-houses, and a lady now never gets an escort when she goes to her milliner's or a-shopping; but, as grave as ravens, we go in pairs alone. You must excuse my nonsense, my dear uncle. You insisted on my writing to you, and there is so much to be said, that I find I have nothing to say, from want of knowing what to begin about. We are in one continued round of visiting. The Opera is opening, and, though I don't understand Italian any more than my waiting-maid, music is a universal language, you know: Lord L—— says, with his usual stupidity, that it is a good receipt for sleeping.

George O—— is off with his sister's *femme de chambre*, or rather *fille*, as Sterne will have it. They say the creature was pretty; but it's so provoking young men of quality should run away with their unequals. Lady Harriet P. was dying for him; but he was ice before the light of her beautiful eyes—just as I should feel, my dear uncle, before your old rich lusty-fusty proud Sir Jonah ogling me through his spectacles.

We have not much news. Mr. Nield and his precious *cara sposa* dont occupy quite as much of conversation as they did. What a picture of modern match-making—what a specimen of friendly management!—What monstrous stuff is the high blood and birth so much talked of by the C——s, as raising them above all others in society. It is my belief there is not a noble birth-proud blood-boasting family in the land, that, high as they pretend to value such empty honours, would not sell them to a scavenger with a good purse. My lords and my lords-dukes sell their children for hard coin, and belie their boasted heraldry for a plum. The airs of Lady What-do-you-call-her Nield amuse me highly. Nield should have tried the plan of the Honeymoon pair, for on my soul I think her ladyship merited a daily horse-whipping, to say nothing of her husband's title to a fool's cap for having ever had any thing to do with her. A pretty picture of your aristocracy this, my dear uncle, with which you want me to be allied! No, the plum I have I will keep for some worthy fellow that will love and cherish me, for I do believe that the romantic notions of a boarding-school are better calculated to conduct women to matrimonial comfort than a match of blood and money, or blood-money if you like, even if made up by Old Bags himself. Here are my notions for you!

We were in the Park on Sunday—I had a dear delightful ride. A good-natured fat fool rode with me the whole way—you know who I mean: I would as soon have had Porpus Bright by my side, mounted on a dromedary—and 'tis such a man they want me to marry, because he is a sprig of good family, and rich they say! Now I wonder what they call a tree, if he is but a shoot!—I'll not marry him, my dear uncle, that's poz. I am not romantic—nor, as times go, do I expect much love from your sex; but I would rather live among the Arabs with Lady Stanhope. Do help me to get free of this wretch, and I will ever love you, my dear uncle, beyond bounden duty.

Your affectionate niece,

ARABELLA S——.

P.S. I will write a longer letter soon.

PARTY SPIRIT.

SCENE.—The dining-room of a mansion in Grosvenor Square. TIME.—After dinner; a blazing fire, wine, and dessert. The butler brings in a fresh supply of claret, and retires. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Mr. Russell, an ultra Whig, and Mr. Gordon, an ultra Tory; who have just brought their chairs round to the fireside.

Gordon.—Now, my dear Sir, the wine is with you. Charles, bring your chair round—why, he's off.

Russell.—Off! to be sure he is:—my dear Sir, he would be no son of mine if he did not sacrifice Bacchus to Venus when they come into competition. He slipped out of the room after the ladies, and by this time, I'll answer for it, is on the ottoman talking with Emma. How happy they both are!

Gordon.—Happy, my dear friend! I can assure you that we all are happy. You may well be proud of your son, and the union between our families is, in every respect, one of congratulation. Emma is a very sweet girl.

Russell.—A lovely creature, my dear Sir, and Charles is a most fortunate dog. Let us drink their health and happiness in a bumper.

Gordon.—With pleasure, my dear Russell. (They fill their glasses, and take each other warmly by the hand.)—Here's health, happiness, and long life, to the young couple.—(Both drink.) Fisher and Rhodes will be soon here with the settlements; they promised not to be later than nine o'clock. I suppose you know the day?

Russell.—No, indeed, I do not. Charles told me that he had been pressing hard for Thursday.

Gordon.—Yes: but ladies, as you may recollect at the time of your own marriage, never will on these occasions accede to the exact time proposed by the men. Mrs. Gordon has decided for Monday; she told me so when I was dressing for dinner.

Russell.—Well, they must have their own way, Gordon; I dare say you have found out that.

Gordon.—At least before marriage.

Russell.—And after too, my dear Sir—ha! ha! ha! By-the-bye, my dear Sir, do you intend to bring Charles in for one of your boroughs?

Gordon.—Why that is a question upon which I am not yet decided. I have sounded Charles, and I find that he has a strong tendency to liberal principles. You, I know, are a little that way inclined yourself, and he must unlearn what you have taught him; so it may be as well not to discuss that subject just now.

Russell.—And why not, my dear Sir? Surely, if I have my opinion, you have an equal right to yours. I cannot imagine any thing so illiberal, indeed so unwarrantable, as insisting upon other people thinking the same way as yourself.

Gordon.—I perfectly agree with you, my dear Sir. I have known many very estimable men of Whiggish principles; and I have always considered the fault to lay more in the head than in the heart. Very much depends upon the way of thinking among those who have brought us up. A man's politics, like his religion, are often imbibed at a very early age; and where is the man who will give up the religion of his forefathers?

Russell.—A very just observation, my dear Mr. Gordon. When we meet people of your candour and command of temper, argument may take place without in the least affecting our mutual esteem; and a difference of opinion on politics cannot lead to a difference upon others. I am a Whig, as you know: now, as we have yet an hour before we go to the ladies, suppose we have a quiet, dispassionate examination of our several opinions.

Gordon.—With all my heart; for I am sure, my dear Russell, that if we do not convince each other, we shall not be so foolish as to quarrel. The bust over the mantel-piece shall be our umpire.

Russell.—Ha! ha! then it must be a drawn battle; for it is not likely to give an opinion on either side. But I can't see well without my glasses; pray whose bust is it?

Gordon.—Whose, my dear Sir? Why, of that heaven-born minister, Mr. Pitt!

Russell.—Heaven-born indeed! Excuse me, my dear Gordon, but I cannot help thinking that it would have been better for this unfortunate country if he had been born at Whitechapel, where he might have formed a better estimate of the value of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Gordon.—Rather severe. Ha! ha!—why, my dear Sir, what objections can you raise to the glorious administration of Mr. Pitt? Now lay them before me; I will listen without interruption, and I trust I shall be able to convince you how much you have been in error.

Russell.—Very fair, and very liberal on your part, my dear Sir. Well, then, I begin by asserting that the present oppressed state of the country is entirely to be ascribed to his wanton expenditure of the public money, his unprincipled system of expenditure, the millions he squandered away on subsidies to other nations, who cajoled and laughed at us. His —

Gordon.—Allow me to observe —

Russell.—You shall observe by-and-bye, my dear Sir, any thing you please. I assert, that before he embroiled us in continental wars, our navy held undisputed possession of the seas—we were the carriers of the trade of nearly the whole world—our manufactures were to be found even in the capital of our enemy, proving how impossible it was for the —

Gordon.—You forget the continental —

Russell.—No, I don't. How impossible it was, as I was saying, that the gigantic schemes for the destruction of our commerce could ever be realized. My dear Mr. Gordon, as sure as water will find its level, so sure, wherever there is a demand there will be a supply. Your heaven-born minister knew that as well as I do, but it did not suit his purpose.

Gordon.—I really am astonished at your delusion. Explain yourself.

Russell.—I will, my dear Sir. The ambition of Mr. Pitt was inordinate, and to that he sacrificed his country. You may demand, What were the secret springs which induced him to lavish away our means? I reply, to hold his situation, by administering to the

wishes of his sovereign, who otherwise would have provided himself with a more subservient minister. My dear Sir, it is the petty state of Hanover which has cost so dear to this country. There never was a more egregious blunder made by our forefathers than when they permitted the House of Hanover, called to this throne, to retain possession of this little principality; more dear to them than the three united kingdoms over which they had been called to reign. Several generations of the House of Hanover have succeeded to the throne, but I appeal to you, my dear Mr. Gordon, whether they are not Germans still; Germans in ideas, in disposition, in customs, in every thing. Their own little territory they ruled over with freehold despotism, but this country they govern by a restricted and copyhold tenure. Hanover is their patrimonial estate, their *fader* land, and the resources of England were employed to save it from the grasp of the usurper. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir, for having occupied so much of your time, and I thank you for your patience.

Gordon.—I cannot help your opinion, my dear Sir; I think you wrong, from the beginning to the end of your argument. However, Mr. Pitt is dead and gone, and he shall make no difference between us, Mr. Russell. You have been discussing upon times past. I trust you will allow that the Tories of the present day, at the termination of the war, did use their utmost endeavours to relieve the country from its distressed state, whether or not occasioned by what you are pleased to call the ambition of Mr. Pitt, but which I have always considered as a noble struggle for our existence as a nation.

Russell.—I am free to confess—to use Parliamentary language—that at first you did well. You relieved the country of many millions of taxes.

Gordon.—I thought that I was not mistaken in your character, my dear Sir. Now this is candid, liberal, and honourable.

Russell.—And had you continued to act up to the wishes of the people, you might have remained in power.

Gordon.—The wishes of the people! Pray, my dear Sir, what do you consider a Tory to be?

Russell.—A Tory, my dear Mr. Gordon? I consider a Tory to be one who, when in office, is satisfied with existent things so long as they work well; who leans towards the crown and expenditure; has a terror of innovation; and such a respect for pedigree, that even abuses of long standing are with him too sacred to be eradicated. He looks upon the people as children, incapable to act or to think for themselves; and even that proportion of the third estate representing the whole, if they had not a leaven of the aristocracy, to be unfit to “come between the wind and his nobility.” I trust you will acknowledge the correctness of my likeness.

Gordon (rather angrily).—With all my heart, Mr. Russell, if you'll permit me to give you a sketch of a Whig.

Russell.—Certainly, it is but fair; but I flatter myself you cannot say much against us. Our principles —

Gordon.—Don't talk about them. I shall first observe, that a party opposing another naturally opposes all its measures, and thus

insensibly forms its own principles upon the inverse of its antagonist. From the Whigs we have invariably met with a decided opposition to all measures, whether good or bad.

Russell.—When was there a good —

Gordon.—Excuse me. Had the Tories, during the long period that they were in power, gradually changed their ideas, the Whigs would also, from mere opposition, have changed theirs. In short, had we, the Tories, by degrees have assumed—which God forbid!—the principles, or rather professions, of the Whigs, the Whigs would in the same period have been changed into Tories.

Russell.—Ridiculous and absurd! Have the Whigs never been in power, Mr. Gordon? Recollect, in the reign of George the —

Gordon.—That cannot be brought forward as an argument; it is too far back. You might as well compare the full-bottomed *Whigs* of that time with the flimsy perukes of the present day. I speak of modern Whigs. I say that they are all profession. They profess economy; attachment to the interests of the people; they profess every free and liberal principle;—but it is all profession. In short, a Tory may be prejudiced, but he has principle; but a Whig, my dear Mr. Russell —

Russell, (starting from his chair).—Well, Mr. Gordon, a Whig —

Gordon.—Nay, my dear Sir, do not be angry. I do not mean to say that a Whig is a man without principle. I only mean to say that, not having been in power, it still remains to be proved; and, if I may be allowed to proceed, I cannot help surmising that a modern Whig administration, upholding the same principles as when out of power, and governing by them, will be an anomaly contrary to human nature and all precedents which history has left for our guidance.

Russell.—I'm sure, my dear Sir, that you did not intend any offence. I shall be happy to hear your grounds for the supposition. It really is pleasant to be able to discuss these points with so little warmth and so much candour. Suppose we take another glass of wine?

Gordon.—With pleasure, my dear Sir. Politics, after all, is a dry subject;—(they fill and drink)—and that is the reason, I suppose, why they are generally introduced after dinner. To proceed: the Constitution of this country is composed of three estates—King, Aristocracy, and People; each having their several rights, and constantly at warfare to check any infringement of those rights on the part of the other two. If this jealousy were not continually in action, the privileges of either might be invaded, and the balance of the Constitution destroyed.

Russell.—Very fairly put, indeed, my dear Sir.

Gordon.—Now, my dear friend, the modern Whig principles are the principles of the third estate. A king, therefore, professing Whig principles, or an aristocracy—for a Whig administration implies a Whig aristocracy—professing the same, are traitors to their own orders and their own interests, opening the gates of their fortress to their common enemy, the people, who are really, because physically, the strongest of the three. For this reason, a Whig admini-

nistration cannot remain long in power, or a Whig king long upon the throne, if they continue consistent. A few Whig measures may for a time be resorted to, and the country may be the gainer; but however gradual the transition may be, change they must,—if our glorious constitution is to be held together,—until they have assumed the arguments and opinions of the Tories as their own weapons, to enable them to bear up against the constant pressing forward of the people of England.

Russell.—I cannot admit your argument. The same has been made use of these two hundred years, and yet the Constitution remains. History tells us there are three ages in empires—monarchy, despotism, and revolution; from the latter a nation arises fresh and vigorous, like a phoenix from the ashes of its sire. In this country during the last century the privileges of the people only have been encroached upon.

Gordon.—Wild Whig theories. The revolution in France is a proof of the blessings attending such a change; and the situation of Louis Philippe one which might have induced our present sovereign to have acted with more prudence.

Russell.—What do you mean, my dear Sir?—what can you object to in the conduct of our manly, straight-forward King?

Gordon.—I have every respect for his Majesty; but what can you expect with his present advisers?—Sir, it is my opinion that a king should be “every inch a king.” The naval profession may make a good honest man, but a good honest man will not make a good king. There is a feeling towards a king in the minds of the lower classes, only to be kept up by seldom, if ever, coming into contact with them. Shakspeare has read a lesson to kings which they never should have from their remembrance. My memory is not so good as it was, but I recollect—let me see—

“Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common, hackney’d to the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company,
Opinion that did help me to the crown—”

I forget how it goes on—but again:

“By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But as a comet: I was wondered at:
The men would tell their children ‘This is he!’”

(*Musing.*)—I recollect another part of it:

“Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne’er seen but wondered at, and so my state
Seldom, but sumptuous, shewed like a feast.”

I think that, considering how fast revolutionary principles are spreading through the country, his Majesty has been ill advised.

Russell.—And I think that a king had better trust himself to the affections of his people than to pageantry which they despise. The King has behaved nobly, Sir; and his conduct will be a surer safeguard to his person than a hundred regiments of Horse-guards.

Gordon.—There is no trust to be placed in a mob, my dear Sir;

truckling to it is like a man permitting one of the feline tribe to lick his hand, which any attempt on his part to withdraw will cost him his life. The people of England are an encroaching people, and must be kept at a respectful distance. This arises from the peculiarity of our Constitution, and from our not being what is termed "a military nation." The Emperor of Austria or King of Prussia may appear among their abject subjects as individuals, and will meet with the same respect from them as they pay to the statues and various articles of vertu to which they have access; but in this country it is different: as the statues if accessible would be mutilated, so the Fountain of Honour, if they can approach it, will be sullied in their wantonness. I do not therefore consider it judicious that the King of England should be seen to shake hands with people in the streets; still less so that the Court should be opened to people who have no pretence to appear there, and whose presence has the effect of driving away those to whom we should look to for countenance and support against the pressure of the lower classes.

Russell.—Sir, I really cannot bear this. By your arguments a king is not to be a man.

Gordon.—A man, Sir! No—to be sure not—a king is to be a king.

Russell.—Well, Mr. Gordon, we cannot agree, so let us drop the subject; in the mean time, if you please, I trouble you for the claret.

Gordon.—I'll join you, my dear Sir.—To be candid, I have no objection to the Whigs out of power; then they are in their proper place, and occasionally distinguish themselves in argument.

Russell.—You should have kept us out then, my dear Sir;—ha! ha!

Gordon.—We preferred our principles to our places, as we always have done, and I trust always shall. Had we listened to the cry for Reform—had we truckled to the people——

Russell.—Why, my dear Sir, you were the very cause of the cry being raised; and whether the Reform Bill turns out well or ill, you Tories were the occasion of it.

Gordon.—I should like to hear that proved, Mr. Russell.

Russell.—You shall, if you will allow me a patient hearing. If you will refer back to the history of this country, you will perceive that the cry for Reform has often been raised, and invariably in times of difficulty and distress; but when the nation was prosperous, the demagogue might harangue in vain. No distress was ever equal to what it has been since the termination of the war. As I said before, at first you began well, but when the people wished your own emoluments to be reduced, then you withstood them. Finding their wishes not attended to by an undue representation, the people insisted upon Reform. You were aware that if Reform took place you could no longer act as a body. By strength of party you had effectually opposed the wishes of the people, and this strength was only to be upheld by the borough-vending system. In the mean time resisting the people in their wish of a further curtailment of the public expenditure, you listened to empirics who came forward to your

assistance. The free-trade lunacy (for it deserves no better term) was acted upon with the hope of increasing the revenue. This increased the difficulties of the country, and that Reform was insisted upon, and even in a partially represented House of Commons the Bill was carried.

Gordon.—I take advantage of your being out of breath to tell you that the free-trade system, if properly understood, is one of the most splendid —

Russell.—Will-o'-the-Whisks which ever deluded men into difficulties. I will not enter into an argument which may be interminable without convincing either: I will make but one observation or two, which are unanswerable. If free trade is advantageous in one thing, it must be in another; why then deny us free trade in corn? Again, do you mean to assert that there are no legislators in other countries who have sense and ability?—How is it, that with all our attempts, we can obtain no reciprocity?—And how is it that our distress is so much greater?

Gordon.—There are many other causes, my dear Sir: you overlook the return to cash-payments—

Russell.—Only another cause of depressure, and another reason why this fatal experiment should have been abandoned instead of being so pertinaciously adhered to. Your free-trade advocates will tell you otherwise, and attempt to prove otherwise; but, my dear Sir, they remind me of bankrupts, who, aware that their ruin is inevitable, will nevertheless, from a feeling of selfishness, which appears to increase in proportion to their distress, apply for and obtain the funds of their dearest friends to enable them to hold up their heads a little longer; aware at the very time that it will be the ruin of those who wish to serve them, and be of no ultimate advantage to themselves. So it is with the advocates of free trade, who will continue obstinate, blind, and selfish, until they have effected the ruin of their country.

Gordon.—Well, Mr. Russell, it appears that we are not to agree upon any one point.

Russell.—Except in taking another glass of claret; there, at least, we are of one mind.

Gordon.—Most decidedly. (They fill and drink.)

Russell.—And now, my dear Sir, having digressed from my subject, I shall resume it. I have pointed out to you the errors of the administration which produced the demand for Reform. I will now, with your permission, remark upon the conduct of the dissentient lords and clergy. You consider that the conduct of our Sovereign has raised the audacity of the mob. I despise the mob as much as you do; and I am convinced that the urbanity you complain of has been directed towards all classes of his subjects, over which he would reign as a father and a friend. But, Sir, the Peers have insulted the intelligent and well-informed proportion of the people of England, that which may be termed the aristocracy of the people, containing within them wealth and power to which that of the Peers is almost as disproportionate as their numbers. The consequence has been, that privileges and vested rights are canvassed; and it is not impossible, that if once brought to examination, they may be wrested

from them. There is a fable of the Beaver, who, when pressed by the Hunter for the sake of his tail, supposed at the time to contain a sovereign balsam, bit off that portion of his body and left it in his track; by which wise plan his life was preserved. The fable is now apposite. The conduct of the clergy has been most unwise: whenever religion enters into the arena of politics, it is sure to incur contumely; and whenever the hierarchy oppose the people, religion must suffer in their estimation. Had the Bishops held themselves neuter, they had been wise; had they joined the people, they had been wiser, for they would have deserved their gratitude, and have ended a struggle which must eventually seriously affect their own interests.

Gordon.—Whig arguments, my dear Sir, nothing but Whig, Whig, Whig!—Well, Mr. Russell, the country is in a pretty state. We shall see how you will get it out of it.

Russell.—Thanks to the Tories, it is, Sir.

Gordon.—The Tories, Sir!—excuse me—thanks to the Whigs—Why, Sir, the proof is, how have you carried on the administration since you have been in power?—look at your last budget!

Russell.—It was very well meant, and with a view of relieving the people. I consider, Sir, that we deserve credit for being so open to conviction.

Gordon.—I tell you what, my dear friend, you are too weak to stand:—you have little talent and no knowledge of business. You came into power with the Reform Bill, that was all your capital; and when that is passed, you will be bankrupts.

Russell.—And I can tell you, Sir, that, allowing your observation to be true, which it is not, the people of England will never again submit to a Tory administration.

Gordon.—The people of England will prefer being governed by men of talent as soon as they are satisfied of your incapacity.—We give you three months.

Russell.—We hope to take longer. Should we require any of your talent, which I doubt, I presume we may pick and choose out of your party.

Gordon.—No, Sir,—never. The Tories are men of principle,—not like the Whigs—a set of——

Russell.—Of what, Sir?—(rising from his chair.)

Gordon.—Of what, Sir?—(rising from his chair, and throwing it away behind him.)—Why, Sir, since you will oblige me to tell you—of—unprincipled——

Russell.—Unprincipled? It's a lie, Sir.

Gordon.—A lie, Sir? the lie to me in my own house?—There's the door, Sir.—(rings the bell violently).

Russell.—I shall take the first advantage of it, I can assure you.

Enter *Mrs. Gordon, Charles, and Emma.*

Mrs. G.—My dear Mr. Gordon, what is all this disputing? what is the matter?

Gordon.—The matter, Ma'am, is simply this, that I have requested Mr. Russell to quit this house, and never put his foot in it again.

Russell.—The matter is, Madam, that I shall most strictly obey his injunctions.—Come, Charles—

Charles.—My dear Sir,—surely—

Russell.—Most surely, Sir,—you will quit with me.

Charles.—And Emma, Sir?

Russell.—Think of her no more—all is at an end.

Emma.—(Rushing into her father's arms, and bursting into tears,) Oh, father! father!

Gordon.—Not a word!

Mrs. G.—My dear Gordon—consider—

Gordon.—I do—I'd sooner she was in her coffin.

(Emma faints, Charles is in mute despair resisting his father, who attempts to lead him out of the room)—Enter servant.

Servant.—Mr. Foster and Rhodes, Sir.

Gordon.—D—n Mr. Foster and Rhodes!—Mrs. Gordon, take the girl up stairs.

Russell (who leads out Charles).—Farewell, Madam; I am sorry that circumstances will not permit the honour of your alliance.—(Charles attempts to break from his father, who forces him out of the door).—Insolent Tory!

Gordon.—Infernal Whig!

(Mrs. Gordon bursts into tears over her lifeless daughter, while Mr. Gordon walks up and down the room in his rage.)

(*Scene closes.*)

THE PACHA OF MANY TALES.—No. VII.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S OWN."

"MASHALLAH! How wonderful is God! Did the Caliph Haroun ever hear such stories?" observed the Pacha, taking the pipe from his mouth, as he was indulging in company with Mustapha: "that infidel tells strange histories of strange countries—What will his mouth open to next?"

"The Shaitan Bacheh, for a son of the devil he still is, although he wears the turban and bows to Allah, will prove a treasury of amusement to your sublime highness," replied Mustapha: "but what are the words of the sage?—'If thou hast gold in thy hazneh, keep it locked and add thereto; thus shalt thou become rich.'"

"They are the words of wisdom," replied the Pacha.

"Then may I advise your Highness to walk out this evening in search of more, and not exhaust that which is in your possession?"

"Wallah Thaib! It is well said!" answered the Pacha, rising from his musnud or carpet of state: "the moon is up—when all is ready we will proceed."

In a quarter of an hour the Pacha, attended by Mustapha and the armed slaves as before, again set out upon their perambulations through the city of Cairo.

They had not walked more than half an hour, when they observed two men sitting at the door of a fruit-shop, at high words with each other. The Pacha held up his finger to Mustapha, as a sign to stop,

that he might overhear their discourse: "I tell you, Ali, that it is impossible to hear those long stories of yours without losing one's temper."

"Long stories!" whispered the Pacha to Mustapha with delight: "the very thing!—Shukur Allah! Thanks be to God!"

"And I tell you in reply, Hussan, that yours are ten times worse: you never have spoken for ten minutes, without my feeling an inclination to salute your mouth with the heel of my slipper. I wish there was any one who would hear us both, and decide the point."

"That I will," said the Pacha, going up to them: "to-morrow I will hear both your stories, and decide upon the merits of each."

"And who are you?" observed one of the men with surprise.

"His Highness the Pacha," replied Mustapha, coming forward. Both the men prostrated themselves, while the Pacha directed Mustapha that they should be brought before him on the following day: and the Vizier having given them in charge to the slaves who had followed at a distance, returned home with the Pacha; who was delighted at the rich harvest which he expected to reap from the two people who accused each other of telling such long stories.

When the divan of the following day had closed, the two men were summoned into the presence of the Pacha.

"I shall now decide upon the merits of your stories," observed he. "Sit down there both of you, and agree between yourselves which of you will begin."

"May it please your Highness, you will never be able to listen to this man Ali," observed Hussan: "you had better send him away."

"Allah preserve your Highness from all evil," replied Ali, "but more especially from the talking of Hussan, which is as oppressive as the hot wind of the desert."

"I have not sent for you to hear you dispute in my presence, but to hear your stories. Ali, do you begin."

"I do assure your Highness," interrupted Hussan, "that you will not listen to him three minutes."

"I do assure you," retorted the Pacha, "that if you say one word more, until you are ordered, you will be rewarded with the bastinado for your trouble. Ali, begin your story."

"Well, your Highness, it was about thirty years ago, *you know*, that I was a little boy, *you know*."

Here Hussan lifted up his hands, and smiled.

"Well, your Highness, *you know*—"

"I don't know, Ali: how can I know until you tell me?" observed the Pacha.

"Well then, your Highness must know that ever since I was born I have lived in the same street where your Highness saw us seated last night, and thirty years, *you know*, is a long period in a man's life. My father was a gardener, and people of his condition, *you know*, are obliged to get up early, that they may be in time for the market, where, *you know*, they bring their vegetables for sale."

"This is all very true, I dare say," observed the Pacha; "but you will oblige me by leaving out all those *you knows*, which I agree with your comrade Hussan to be very tedious."

"That's what I have already told him, your Highness—'Ali,' says I, 'if you can only leave out your *you knows*,' says I, 'your story might be amusing, but,' says I——"

"Silence with your *says I's*," observed the Pacha; "have you forgot the bastinado? there seems to be a pair of you. Ali, go on with the story, and remember my injunction; the Felek and Ferashes are at hand."

"Well, your Highness, one morning he rose earlier than usual, as he was anxious to be the first in the market with some onions, which, *you know*, are very plentiful; and having laden his ass, he set off, at a good round pace, for the city. There, *you know*, he arrived at the market-place a little after the day had dawned, when, *you know*, ——"

"Did you not receive my orders to leave out *you know*? am I to be obeyed or not? Now go on, and if you offend again you shall have the bastinado till your nails drop off."

"I shall observe your Highness's wishes," replied Ali.—"A little after the day had dawned, *you* —, no, he, I mean, observed an old woman sitting near one of the fruit-stalls, with her head covered up in an old dark blue capote; and as he passed by, *you*—she I mean, held out one of her fingers, and said, 'Ali Baba,' for that was my father's name, 'Listen to good advice, leave your laden beast, and follow me.' Now my father, *you know*, not being inclined to pay any attention to such an old woman, *you know*, replied, *you know*, ——"

"Holy Allah," exclaimed the Pacha in a rage to Mustapha, "what does this man deserve?"

"The punishment due to those who dare to disobey your Highness's commands."

"And he shall have it: take him out; give him one hundred blows of the bastinado; put him on an ass with his head turned towards the tail; and let the officer who conducts him through the town proclaim, 'Such is the punishment awarded by the Pacha to him who presumes to say that his Highness knows, when, in fact, he knows nothing.'"

The guards seized upon the unfortunate Ali to put in execution the will of the Pacha; and as he was dragged away, Hussan cried out, "I told you so; but you would not believe me."

"Well," replied Ali, "I've one comfort, your story's not told yet. His Highness has yet to decide which is the best."

After a few minutes' pause, to recover himself from the ruffling of his temper, the Pacha addressed the other man—"Now, Hussan, you will begin your story, and observe that I am rather in an ill humour."

"How can your Highness be otherwise, after the annoyance of the bore Ali? I said so; 'Ali,' says I——"

"Go on with your story," repeated the Pacha angrily.

"It was about two years ago, your Highness, when I was sitting at the door of the fruit-shop, which your Highness might have observed, when you saw us last night, that a young female, who seemed above the common class, came in, followed by a porter. 'I want some melons,' says she. 'I have very fine ones, so walk in,' says I:

and I handed down from the upper shelf, where they were placed, four or five musk, and four or five water-melons. 'Now,' says I, 'young woman, you'll observe that these are much finer melons,' says I, 'than you usually can procure; therefore the lowest price that I can take,' says I, 'is ——'

"Why, your *says I's* are much worse than Ali's *you knows*; leave them out, if you please, and proceed with your story," cried the Pacha, with increased ill-humour.

"I will obey, your Highness, if possible. I stated the lowest price, and she lifted up her veil—'I have an idea,' said she, as she allowed me to look upon one of the prettiest faces in the world, 'that they are to be had cheaper.'

"I was so struck with her beauty, that I was quite speechless. 'Am I not right?' said she, smiling. 'From you, madam,' said I, 'I can take nothing; put as many in the basket of your porter as you please.' She thanked me, and put into the basket all that I had handed down. 'Now,' says she, 'I want some dates, the best and finest that you have.' I handed some down that would have been admired by the ladies of your Highness's harem. 'These, madam,' says I, 'are the best dates that are to be found in Cairo.' She tasted them, and asked the price; I mentioned it. 'They are dear,' replied she, 'but I must have them cheaper;' and again she lifted her veil. 'Madam,' says I, 'these dates are much too cheap at the price which I have mentioned; it really is impossible to take one para less: observe, madam,' says I, 'the beauty of them, feel the weight, and taste them,' says I, 'and you must acknowledge,' says I, 'that they are offered to you at a price which,' says I, '—'

"Holy Prophet!" cried the Pacha in a rage; 'I will hear no more of your *says I's*: if you cannot tell your story without them, you shall fare worse than Ali."

"May it please your Highness, how will it be possible for you to know what I said, unless I point out to you what I say? I cannot tell my story without it."

"I'll see that," replied the Pacha, in a savage tone; and, making the sign, the executioner made his appearance. "Now then, go on with your story; and, executioner, after he has repeated *says I* three times, off with his head! Go on."

"I shall never be able to go on, your Highness; consider one moment how harmless my *says I's* are to the detestable *you knows* of Ali. That's what I always told him; 'Ali,' says I, 'if you only knew,' says I, 'how annoying you are! Why there,' says I!" At this moment the blow of the scymitar fell, and the head of Hussan rolled upon the floor; the lips from the force of habit, still quivering in their convulsions, with the motioning which would have produced *says I*, if the channel of sound had not been so effectually interrupted.

"That story's ended!" observed the Pacha in a rage. "Of all the nuisances I ever encountered, these two men have beat them all. Allah forbid that I ever should again meet with a *says I*, or, a *you know*!"

"Your Highness is all wisdom," observed Mustapha: "may such

ever be the fate of those who cannot tell their stories without saying what they said." The Pacha, irritated at his disappointment, and little soothed by the remark of Mustapha, without making any answer to it, was about to retire to his harem, when Mustapha, with a low salaam, informed him that the Renegade was in attendance to relate his Second Voyage, if he might be permitted to kiss the dust of his presence. "Khoda shefa midêhed—God gives relief," replied the Pacha, as he resumed his seat: "let him approach."

The Renegade entered, and having paid the customary obeisance took his seat, and commenced the narrative of his Second Voyage:—

May it please your most Sublime Highness, the day after I embarked we sailed with a fair wind, and having cleared the Straits flattered ourselves with the prospect of a successful voyage; but we were miserably disappointed, for three days afterwards we fell in with a small brig under English colours. As she was evidently a merchant vessel, we paid no attention to her running down to us, supposing that she was out of her reckoning, and wished to know her exact position on the chart. But as soon as she was close to us, instead of passing under our stern, as we expected, she rounded-to, and laid us by the board. Taken by surprise, and having no arms, we were beaten down below, and in a few minutes the vessel remained in the possession of our assailants. They held a short consultation, and then, opening the hatches, a boatswain pulled out his whistle, and in a tremendous voice roared out, "*All hands ahoy!*" which was followed by his crying out "*Tumble up there, tumble up!*" As we understood this to be a signal for our appearance on deck, we obeyed the summons. When we all came up, we found out that if we had had any idea that they were enemies, we might have beaten them off, as they were only fifteen in number, while we mustered sixteen. But it was too late: we were unarmed, and they had each of them a cutlass with two pistols stuck in their girdles. As soon as we were all on deck, they bound our arms behind us with ropes, and ranged us in a line. Having inquired of each of us our respective ranks and professions, they held a short consultation, and the boatswain addressing me said—"Thank Heaven, you scoundrel, that you were brought up as a barber, for it has saved your life!"

He then cut loose the cords which bound me, and I remained at liberty. "Now then, my lads!" continued the boatswain, "*come, every man his bird!*" and, so saying, he seized upon the captain of the vessel, and leading him to the gangway passed his sword through his body, and tossed him into the sea.

In the same manner each of the murderous villains led forward the man he had selected, and putting an end to his life, either by the sword or pistol, launched the corpse into the waves.

My blood curdled as I beheld the scene, but I said nothing. I considered myself too fortunate to escape with life. When it was all over, the boatswain roared out, "*That job's done!*" Now, Mr. Barber, swab up all this here blood, and be d—d to you! and recollect that you are one of us." I obeyed in fear and silence, and then returned to my former station near the taffrail.

The people who had captured us, as I afterwards found out, were part of the crew of an English Guinea-man, who had murdered the master and mate, and had taken possession of the vessel. As our brig was a much finer craft in every respect, they determined upon retaining her, and scuttling their own. Before night, they had made all their arrangements, and were standing to the westward with a fine breeze.

But exactly as the bell struck eight for midnight, a tremendous voice

was heard at the hatchway, if possible, more than a hundred times louder than the boatswain's roaring out "*All hands ahoy !*"

The concussion of the air was so great, that the ship trembled, as if she had been struck with a thunderbolt ; and as soon as the motion had subsided, the water was heard to rush into every part of the hold. Every body ran on deck astonished with the sound, expecting the vessel immediately to go down, and looking at each other with horror as they stood trembling in their shirts. The water continued to rush into the vessel, until it reached the orlop beams ; then, as suddenly, it stopped.

When the panic had to a certain degree subsided, and they perceived that the water did not increase, all hands applied to the pumps, and by eight o'clock in the morning the vessel was free. Still the unaccountable circumstance weighed heavy on the minds of the seamen, who walked the deck without speaking to each other, or paying any attention to the ship's course ; and as no one took the command, no one was ordered to the helm.

For my own part, I thought it a judgment upon them for their cruelty ; and, expecting that worse would happen, I had made up my mind to my fate. I thought of Marie, and, hoping for pardon yet fearing the worst, I vowed, if I escaped, that I would amend my life.

At night we again retired to our hammocks, but no one slept, so afraid were we of a second visitation. The bell was not struck by the men, but it struck itself, louder than I ever heard it before ; and again the dreadful voice was heard, "*All hands ahoy !*" again the water rushed in, and again we ran on deck. As before, it mounted as high as the orlop beams ; it then stopped, and was pumped out again by eight o'clock on the ensuing morning.

For a month, during which time we never saw land, for we had lost all reckoning, and no one cared to steer—the same dreadful visitation took place. Habit had to a degree hardened the men ; they now swore and got drunk as before, and even made a jest of the *boatswain of the middle watch*, as they called him, but at the same time they were worn out with constant fatigue ; and one night they declared that they would pump no longer. The water remained in the vessel all that day, and we retired to our hammocks as usual ; when at midnight, the same voice was again heard at the hatchway, not followed by the rush of water, but by a shriek of "*Tumble up there, tumble up !*"

We all started at the summons, and hastened on deck ; there was something that impelled us in spite of ourselves. Never shall I forget the horrid sight, which presented itself : stretched in a row on the deck of the vessel lay the fifteen bloody corpses of my shipmates who had been murdered. We stood aghast ; the hair rose straight up from our heads, as we viewed the supernatural reappearances. After a pause of about five minutes, during which we never spoke or even moved, one of the corpses cried out in a sepulchral voice, "*Come, every man his bird !*" and held up its arms as it lay.

The man, whose office it had been to take the living body to the gangway, and after killing it to throw it overboard, advanced towards it ; he was evidently impelled by a supernatural power, for never shall I forget the look of horror, the faint scream of agony, which escaped him as he obeyed the summons. Like the trembling bird fascinated by the snake, he fell into the arms of the dead body ; which, grasping him tight, rolled over and over in convolutions like a serpent, until it gained the break of the gangway, and then tumbled into the sea with its murderer entwined in its embraces. A flash of lightning succeeded, which blinded us for several minutes ; and when we recovered our vision, the remainder of the bodies had disappeared.

The effect upon the guilty wretches was dreadful ; there they lay, each man on the deck where he had crouched down, when the lightning had

flashed upon him: the sun rose upon them, yet they moved not: he poured his beams on their naked bodies when at his meridian height, yet they still remained: the evening closed in, and found them in the same positions. As soon as it was dark, as if released from a spell, they crawled below, and went into their hammocks: at midnight again the bell struck; again the voice was heard, followed by the shriek; again they repaired on deck: the fourteen remaining bodies lay in a row: another of the murderers was summoned, obeyed, and disappeared: again the flash of lightning burst upon us, and all had vanished; and thus it continued every night, until the boatswain, who was reserved for the last, was dragged overboard after the rest by the remaining corpse; and then a tremendous voice from the maintop, followed by exulting laughter, cried out, "*That job's done.*" Immediately after which, the water rushed out of the bottom of the vessel, and she was clear as before.

Returning thanks to Heaven that I was not a party or a sufferer with the rest, I laid down, and for the first time for many weeks fell into a sound sleep. How long I slept, I know not: it may have been days; but I awoke at last by the sound of voices, and found that the people on board of a vessel bound from Mexico to the South of Spain, perceiving the brig lying with her sails torn, and her yards not trimmed, had sent a boat to ascertain whether there was any body remaining in her. I was afraid that if I told them what had happened, they either would not believe me, or else refuse to take on board a person who had been in company with such examples of divine vengeance. I therefore stated that we had been attacked with dysentery about six weeks before, and all had died except myself, who was supercargo of the brig.

As their vessel was but half full, the cargo consisting chiefly of cochineal and copper, which is stowed in small space, the captain offered to take as many of my goods as he could stow, provided I would allow him the freight. This I willingly consented to, and, examining the manifest, selected the most valuable, which were removed to the Spanish vessel.

We had a favourable wind; and having run through the Straits, expected in a day or two we should anchor at Valencia, to which port she was bound; but a violent gale came on from the N. E. which lasted many days, and drove us over to the African shore. To increase our misfortunes, the ship sprung a leak, and made so much water that we could scarcely keep her free.

The Spaniards are but indifferent sailors, your Highness, and in a storm are more inclined to pray than to work: they became frightened, gave over pumping, and having lighted a candle before the image of St. Antonio, which was fixed on the stern of the vessel, began to call upon him for assistance. Not immediately obtaining their request, they took the image out of the shrine, abused it, called it every vile name that they could think of, and ended with tying it against the mainmast, and beating it with ropes.

In the mean time the vessel filled more and more: whereas, if instead of praying, they had continued at the pumps, we should have done well enough, as the gale was abating, and she did not make so much water as before.

Enraged at their cowardice, and at the idea of losing so much property as I had on board, (for I considered it as my own,) I seized the image from the mast, and threw it overboard, telling them to go to their pumps if they wished to be saved. The whole crew uttered a cry of horror, and would have thrown me after the image, but I made my escape up the rigging, from whence I dared not descend for many hours.

Having now no saint to appeal to, they once more applied to the pumps. To their astonishment, the vessel made no more water, and in the course of a few hours she was free.

The next morning the gale was over, and we were steering for Valencia.

I observed that the captain and sailors avoided me, but I cared little about it, as I felt that my conduct had saved the ship as well as my own property. On the second day we anchored in the bay, and were boarded by the authorities, who went down into the cabin, and had a long conversation with the captain. They quitted the ship, and about an hour afterwards I proposed going ashore, but the captain said that he could not permit it until the next morning. While I was expostulating with him as to the reasons for my detention, a boat rowed alongside, from out of which came two personages dressed in black. I knew them to be familiars of the Inquisition; and it immediately occurred to me that my personification of the lady abbess had been discovered, and that my doom was sealed. The captain pointed me out; they collared and handed me into the boat, and pulled for the shore in silence.

When we landed, I was put into a black coach, and conveyed to the palace of the Inquisition, where I was thrown into one of the lowest dungeons. The next day the familiars appeared, and led me to the hall of judgment, where I was asked whether I confessed my crime. I replied that I did not know what I was accused of. They again asked me if I would confess, and on my making the same answer I was ordered to the torture.

As I knew that I had no chance, I thought that I might as well avoid unnecessary pain, and declared that I did confess it.

"What instigated you to the deed?"

Not well knowing what to reply, as I was not exactly aware of the nature of my offence, I answered that it was the blessed Virgin.

"Blasphemer!" cried the grand inquisitor, "what! the blessed Virgin desired you to throw St. Antonio overboard?"

"Yes," replied I, (glad that at all events the crime was not what I had anticipated,) "she did, and told me that it would be the saving of the vessel."

"Where were you?"

"On the deck."

"Where did you see her?"

"She was sitting on a small blue cloud, a little above the topsail yard. 'Fear not, Francois,' said she, motioning with her hand, 'to throw the image overboard.'" The inquisitors were astonished at my boldness: a consultation was held, as to whether I should be treated as a blasphemer, or the circumstance blazoned into a miracle. But it unfortunately happened for me that a miracle had occurred very lately; and there were very few people to be burnt at the *auto da fé* of the ensuing month.

It was therefore decided against me. I was reviled, abused, and sentenced to the flames; but I determined, as my only chance, to put a good face upon the matter to the very last. Looking up, as if to a point in the ceiling of the dark hall of judgment, and holding my hands before, as if in amazement—"Holy Virgin," cried I, bending on my knee, "I thank thee for the sign." "My Lord," continued I fiercely, "I fear you not; you have sentenced me to perish by the flames; I tell you that I shall leave my dungeon with honor, and be as much courted as I have been now reviled."

The inquisitors were for a moment staggered, but their surprise gave place to their cruelty, when they considered how long they had tortured thousands for doubting points to which they themselves had never for a moment given credence. I was remanded to my dungeon; and the gaoler, who had never before witnessed such boldness in the hall of justice, and was impressed with the conviction that I was supported as I had affirmed, treated me with kindness,—affording me comforts, which, had it been known, would have cost him his situation.

In the mean time the cargo of the vessel was landed at the Custom

House, and she was hauled on shore to have her bottom caulked and pitched, when, to the astonishment of the Captain and crew, the hole which had occasioned the leak was discovered with the head of the figure of the Saint, which I had thrown overboard, so firmly wedged in, that it required some force to pull it out. "A miracle! a miracle!" was cried from the Quays, and proclaimed through every part of the town. It was evident that the Virgin had instigated me to throw over the image, as the only means of stopping the leak. The friars of the nearest convent claimed the image from their propinquity, and came down to the ship in grand procession to carry it to their church. The grand inquisitor, hearing the circumstance, acknowledged to the bishop and heads of the clergy my intrepid behaviour in the hall of judgment; and not three hours after the ship had been hauled on shore, I was visited in my dungeon by the grand inquisitor, the bishop, and a long procession, my pardon requested, and the kiss of peace demanded and given. I was taken away with every mark of respect, and looked upon as one under special favour of the Virgin. "Did I not say, my lord, that I should leave my dungeon in honor?"

"You did, my friend;" answered the inquisitor; and I heard him mutter, "either there is such a person as the Virgin Mary, or you are a most ready-witted scoundrel."

During my stay at Valencia, I was courted and feasted by every body, and sold my goods at an enormous price; for every one thought that to possess any thing that had belonged to me must bring them good fortune. I received many handsome presents, had divers requests to become a member of the different fraternities of monks, and eventually quitted the town with a large sum of money, with which I proceeded to Toulon, with the intention of making some inquiry after my dear Cerise, whose image was still the object of my dreams, as well as of my waking thoughts.

"Stop," said the Pacha: "I wish to know, whether you believe that the Virgin, as you call her, did thrust the head of the image into the hole in the bottom of the ship."

May it please your Highness, I do not. I believe it originated from nothing but cause and effect. It is the nature of a whirlpool to draw down all substances that come within its vortex. The water pouring into the bottom of the ship is but the vortex of a whirlpool reversed; and the image of the Saint, when it was thrown overboard to leeward of the ship, which was pressed down upon it by the power of the wind, was forced under the water, until it was taken into the vortex of the leak, and naturally found its way into the hole.

"I dare say you are very right," answered the Pacha, "but I don't understand a word you have said."

"Such your Highness were the adventures attending my Second Voyage," concluded the Renegade, with an inclination of his head.

"And a very good voyage too! I like it better than your first. Mustapha, give him ten pieces of gold: you will bring him here to-morrow, and we will hear what happened in his Third."

"You observe," said Mustapha, when the Pacha had retired, "my advice was good." "Most excellent!" replied the Renegade, holding out his hand for the money: "To-morrow I'll lie like any barber."

THE UNLUCKY STAR.

IF I walk fast I am sure to fall; if I walk slow I am certain to be overthrown by a tall strapping brawny pedestrian. If I get into a *crowd*, that is to say if a crowd gets *me* into it, for I always avoid crowds, it is ten to one that out of the five-and-twenty or thirty pickpockets, I engross the attention of three-fourths of these *voltigeurs*. I am afraid to eat pies, puddings, stews, and all sorts of made dishes, for I've broken two or three teeth by the extra stones that go to the composition of pasty and *ragouts*. I never get into a coach, because I know that from that moment the vehicle is doomed to overturn. Whenever a silly thing happens, or is said, amongst our acquaintance, I am certain to have the ungracious favour laid on my back; but then if I chance to utter a good joke, or do a good action, it is a matter of course that another has the credit of it. In winter I suffer dreadfully from chilblains, and in summer from corns. I am positive that I shall be the very first attacked by the *cholera morbus* as soon as it makes its appearance in town. I always get the worst places at theatres: there is always some huge abomination of a bonnet before me to prevent my seeing; and, in order to do away with the sense of hearing also, it is a known thing that I am placed between an elderly gentleman with an asthmatic cough and a talkative young apprentice. Nor is this the worst; every orange-peel, rotten apple, fraction of bottle, or other missile discharged from the galleries, will inevitably alight on my inoffensive head, although, Heaven knows, there is plenty of room in the pit for the said missiles to find an asylum without incommoding any body. Besides this, all the rows, boxing, and pushing originate where I sit; despite of my excessive precaution, every quarrelsome fellow, every choice spirit, and every tipsy vagabond takes his station near me. At parties it is worse and worse; I am there doomed either to listen to a prosing M. P., a cackling foolish old maid, or an overwhelming blue; or to dance with all the squinting, gawky, ugly, red-haired females in the place. I get not only the worst partner, but the worst place at supper; all the champagne that is spilt falls over my shoulders. If any toes are predestined to be trod upon, they are mine. If a plate or a glass is broken by my neighbour, all the company fix their eyes on me; and, when I leave, I am sure to be presented with an old bad hat instead of my new one.

I have undergone a considerable number of insults and trials by *mistake*. It was by mistake that a person once wrote me an abusive letter, and that another gave me a caning in the dark; but no one ever did me a good turn by mistake. But these are mere trifles: the leading and important events of my history will clearly demonstrate the agency of an "unlucky star," and prove that I am the most unlucky dog now breathing. Besides, I am under the influence of a fatal curse—of a malignant spirit; his name is Mr. Short Smith. I will offer a few facts, which will tend to throw a light on the subject.

One night, as I was passing through Oxford Street, there was a scuffle; and as I knew that whenever blows were to be got, I always came in for my share, I lost no time in sounding a retreat, something resembling a trot. I heard voices behind me of "Catch

him! catch him! stop thief!" Soon after, I felt myself firmly grasped by the arm; alas! how great was my horror, when I understood that the thief that was to be caught was myself! I called all the saints to witness my innocence, and desired the captors to search my pockets. They answered that they were satisfied of my innocence with regard to theft; but a fat gentleman, more than half drunk, swore that I had knocked him down; and, without any further ceremony, I was lodged in the black-hole. In the morning I was discharged with an apology,—it had all been a mistake. The person who knocked down the fat gentleman, I understood, was Mr. Short Smith. Mr. S. made an apology to the fat gent.; the fat gent. was perfectly satisfied; and so ended the affair. In the year 1818, when "Bish sold them all!!!" I, by chance, happened to buy half a share of a lottery ticket. The thing was no sooner done than I repented: a friend of mine wondered how the deuce I, who had such ill-luck, could ever think of buying a lottery ticket. To rectify my blunder, I sold the said ticket under cost;—it turned out a prize. The person who was blessed with it was Mr. Short Smith. A very rich old aunt,—one of those rich old aunts that are not of much use in this world, and whom it is agreeable to see removed to a better for the accommodation of rising relations,—was my near relative; and as I always behaved respectfully to aunt Tabitha Tucker, it was generally understood I should inherit her property. I paid her a regular visit twice a year; I behaved with all possible respect to Adonis, her little ugly lap-dog; I listened to a hundredth-time told tales concerning the scandal of the neighbourhood; read novels to my aunt; accompanied her to church; railed against the men of the present day; and, in fine, I went through a correct daily rehearsal of all the most approved and established ways with young nephews towards old maiden aunts.

One fine day, I received due intelligence of my beloved aunt's severe indisposition. I was thinking whether it would not be proper to pay her a visit, when, behold, William Williams, my dear aunt's factotum, made suddenly his appearance in my bed-chamber. I concluded that he came to announce my aunt's death.

"Ah! Williams; I fear you come to acquaint me with the great event which has taken place at Rosberry Lodge."

"You have sustained a very severe loss," returned the factotum.

"Very severe!" responded I, with an *impromptu* groan;—"very severe! I hope, however, that the ceremony was conducted with proper decorum; that no expense was spared; and——"

"Bless you, Sir," exclaimed Williams, "it was a splendid thing of the sort. There was a grand dinner, bells ringing, dancing, and all sorts of rejoicing."

"Dancing! rejoicing! how indecorous on so mournful an occasion! The death of my aunt ought to ——"

"The death of your aunt, Sir?" exclaimed the major-domo, with a blank stare.

"Why, don't you come to announce the death of my much-to-be-regretted aunt, Miss Tabitha Tucker?"

"Bless me! no, Sir; no, I come to announce her wedding!"

"My aunt's wedding!" shrieked I out, half-stultified at the intelligence;—"surely you are jesting?"

"No, Sir; why should I?"

"And who has my aunt married?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!!"

"But, William," said I, when I had a little recovered from the first shock, "you spoke of a severe loss to me; what loss may that be?"

"Why, Lord bless you, Sir; the lady has settled, I believe, more than half her fortune on her husband: surely that must be a loss."

I groaned, and in the bitterness of my soul I bestowed a hearty curse on the fatal Mr. Short Smith.

Three months after her marriage, I received intelligence that my aunt had departed for a better world; and then it came to light that the *major-domo* had been mistaken with regard to my supposed loss; my aunt had not settled half of her fortune on her husband,—but *the whole!*

Disappointed in my hopes of inheritance, I was obliged to think seriously on a way of providing for myself. I was not born rich; and besides, with the strange pertinacity of my unlucky star, my little property had been rapidly declining. What profession could I follow? Commerce!—the very idea made me tremble; how was it possible that any speculation in which I was concerned could succeed? It was out of the question to think of my becoming a physician. Supposing I succeeded in getting a diploma from St. Andrew's University, who would be so foolish, so rash, as to place his life in jeopardy by entrusting his health to my medical skill? I might have some hopes of being called to the aid of husbands with termagant wives, and young relatives who considered their uncles and aunts too dilatory in bequeathing their property; but then I should be regarded by the wives, uncles, and aunts, with sentiments of dread and horror, and they would be extremely careful in not allowing me to come near their persons. The legal profession I discarded for fear of want of clients. I should have been content to become a parson, for that I consider the most comfortable and idle trade going: but then I had no hopes of obtaining a good living, and what's the use of being a parson without a good living? All things considered, I concluded that the best course I had to adopt was to get a place under Government; aware that the influence of my unlucky star would there be less glaringly perceptible than any where else. There was a vacancy worth about £800 a year in the Colonies: a friend, who had some influence in the proper quarters, made all possible interest for me; and, indeed, he would have succeeded, had he applied before,—but the place had already been granted, and to whom do you think? Mr. Short Smith! This monster had solicited the place for a cousin of his, and had obtained it. During three or four days I did nothing but fume and swear.

My friend came to see me on the fourth day, and told me to cheer up; that there was another place vacant—a snug sort of sinecure in the Customs. The next day he called again; alas! with a most ominous face: I trembled.

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My friend came to see me on the fourth day, and told me to cheer up; that there was another place vacant—a snug sort of sinecure in the Customs. The next day he called again; alas! with a most ominous face: I trembled.

"It was a most *unlucky* thing," he cried, "that we did not apply

before; the place would have been yours; but unfortunately another has taken Time by the forelock, and obtained it."

"And who is the fortunate man?"

"Mr. Short Smith!!"

"Oh! horrible! horrible! most horrible! what can he want with the place? You know he is very rich—rich with the money that ought to have been mine!"

"Well, but he doesn't want the place for himself, but for his cousin."

"Did not his cousin get the place in the Colonies? and how is he to attend to the Customs?"

"But the place is for another cousin: Mr. Short Smith has more cousins than one."

This intelligence overwhelmed me; from that moment I gave up every idea of place-hunting. I felt convinced that my redoubtable antagonist would find cousins for every vacancy which might occur. Well, in utter desolation of spirit I hired a couple of small rooms at Highgate, and delivered myself up to the most perplexing ruminations. I strolled about the fields by moonlight, and as I gazed on the stars, not knowing which might be my unlucky one, I heartily cursed them all. My friend, who had been so indifferently successful in getting me a place, came one day into my sitting-room, with a face full of smiles, and wished me joy: "Your evil genius is dead!" he exclaimed.

"What! speak! speak! let me hear it again and again and again! let my ears get intoxicated—nay, gloriously drunk with the luscious sounds."

"Yes; Mr. Short Smith is no more: he was found drowned in the Serpentine."

I could now breathe a little: true, my unlucky star was not drowned in the Serpentine, and it might live quite as long as myself, but then I had only one enemy to contend with, instead of two.

I returned to London in much better spirits than I had left it, and for a whole month I experienced no more troubles than the ordinary ones; trifles, which in a life of so varied and ever-enduring tribulation scarcely deserved notice: true, that I generally had my tea cold, and that I had to endure the unremitting discord of half a dozen screaming brats, who lived in the Mews behind my house; but what was this, and a thousand other similar annoyances, to a veteran in suffering like myself?

One morning as I was shaving, and smarting under the penance of a dull razor, my officious friend bounced into my room, with the usual allowance of joy and hope diffused over his countenance.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have been thinking of an excellent plan to promote your happiness."

"Another place?"

"No; marriage—I wish to see you married."

"Marriage! do you suppose that I should be justified in committing such an act? I, with an infamous star over my head!"

"Listen—I wish to see you marry into a most respectable family; the Gillmans, of Cuckoo Villa. Mr. Gillman is a retired tradesman, of the highest respectability; his daughter is perfection. Will you allow me to negotiate this affair? I pledge myself to its success."

"Why really you present the thing in so fair a light,——"

My kind officious friend was off like a shot, for he really felt a pleasure in being serviceable to me ; although, sooth to say, all his good services had hitherto been most provokingly unserviceable. But my prospects began to brighten up about this time. I made a strict reckoning of the events of the last fortnight, and I found a material improvement in my affairs. During this period, except the loss of a tooth, a dreadful stomach-ache, the disappearance of my gold repeater, and one or two comparatively trifling inconveniences of the sort, I had had nothing to complain of. This diminution of tribulation I reasonably enough ascribed to the death of Mr. Short Smith, and I began to hug myself in the idea that my unlucky star was relenting in its atrocity. My friend soon informed me that Mr. Gillman highly approved of the connexion, and sent me an invitation to his villa, as he was pleased to call a small, square, white-washed tenement, situated near the high-road for the sake of fine prospect and dust. I made my preparations, and was on the point of jumping into the stage-coach, when, most unfortunately, I fell ill of a fever, and lingered nearly a month in bed. As soon as I was in a situation to travel, I took my place in the stage-coach, and off I set for S—— in Warwickshire. I met with no accident on the road, which certainly was food for great wonderment. At S—— I was told that Cuckoo Villa lay about three miles from that place ; and I started on horseback for Mr. Gillman's retreat. I was wondering that I had not yet met with any accident, when I heard the tramp of a horse advancing rapidly in my direction. It was a mad equestrian, who, like a stormy whirlwind, was galloping at a rate to make any one dizzy to look on him. He had lost the command of his charger, and, as he approached me, he uttered something like an unearthly scream. I stood for a moment petrified ; I wished to avoid the tremendous rider. It was too late ; he came with full force against my poor horse. The shock was awful. I was violently thrown ; my arm was broken ; and I remained in a state of insensibility. When I recovered from the effects of my trance, I found myself lying on a bed, attended by three gentlemen ; one of which was the master of the house, the other a medical practitioner, and the third a young man who had been the innocent cause of my accident.

"How far is this from Cuckoo Villa?" inquired I.

"You are in Cuckoo Villa, Sir," answered the old gentleman.

"Indeed! You must know that I am the person whom you have been expecting as a visitor."

"Mr. Timothy Tucker: surely, my friend, Mr. Meddle——"

"Oh! I understand now; yes, yes; humph! ah! Certainly we did expect you, and were rather surprised not to see you. Humph! and I am sorry, very sorry for the accident you have met with."

I was then left to repose. Next morning, the furious rider made his appearance with a face full of sorrow, and, approaching my couch, announced himself as Mr. Short Smith.

"Mr. Short Smith!—are you really Mr. Short Smith? Why, how is this? were you not drowned in the Serpentine?"

"No, Sir; that was my unfortunate brother."

I looked aghast, but could not utter a word more. Mr. Short Smith was alive: nothing but uninterrupted misfortune could I expect for the future. I fell into a feverish slumber, and I had the most

horrible dreams. When I awoke, Mr. Gillman entered the apartment; and a scene took place which baffles all description. Mr. Gillman said,

"Really, Mr. Tucker, I have a very unpleasant communication to make. If I mistake not, you came down here with a view of accomplishing a union."

"With your amiable daughter, certainly. I trust you have not repented, Mr. Gillman."

"Why, no, no," answered he, with embarrassment; "I cannot say that I repented; but—but—the marriage is now impossible. My daughter is already married."

"Married! you astonish me!"

"The fact is, Mr. Tucker, that not hearing from you during a whole month, in the mean time a young gentleman of family, fortune, and accomplishments offered himself; we accepted."

"And who was the happy mortal?"

"Here comes the very man: allow me to introduce my son-in-law, Mr. Short Smith!!!"

This was too much,—I felt ready to die; but my rage served to keep me alive. I did not wait to be completely cured in order to hasten from Cuckoo Villa. I hurried back to London in a frame of mind bordering on insanity. My kind officious friend called on me the day after my arrival.

"I am very sorry," he said: "the delay occasioned by your illness was fatal: but cheer up; after all, the loss is not so great: the married life might probably be a torment to you. During your absence I have been thinking of a plan for your future happiness."

"Another plan?"

"A most excellent one! This time I am confident I shall be able to serve you."

"Now, my dear friend, for Heaven's sake, trouble yourself with my happiness no more! Pray, be not offended; I allow that you are my friend, and for this reason, because even in that the influence of my unlucky star is discernible. If you were a fortunate person, you could not be my friend."

This is a veracious account of the leading events of my most luckless life. I reject the assumption that conduct is fate: how has my conduct been to blame? Alas! what is the use of having any conduct at all, as long as men labour under the malignant influence of an unlucky star?

T.

THE SPANISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

IT was not until the conclusion of the Peninsular war, that the claims of the Spanish school of painting to an equality with the Italian schools began to be hearkened to. The robberies and purchases of that period, particularly the collection amassed by Marshal Soult, exhibited in Paris, and afterwards dispersed by sale, opened the eyes of artists and amateurs to the excellences of the Spanish masters, and afforded a slight glimpse of those inestimable treasures of art with which the Peninsula abounds. But since that period, a knowledge of the Spanish school has made slow advances. Some few of our artists, indeed,—among others, our inimitable Wilkie,—and such of

our thorough amateurs as held the discomforts of a journey through Spain to be no sufficient obstacle to the pursuit of their enjoyment, have visited the country of Murillo and Velasquez, and have returned with increased veneration for the names, and tenfold admiration of the works, of these and other masters; but there is yet no general acquaintance with the productions and merits of the Spanish painters, and no general acquiescence in the justice of their claims. Almost every one who professes any knowledge of, or love for the divine art, has made the tour of Italy, has visited Florence, Rome, Genoa, and Venice, and is able to descant on the unapproachable excellences of Raphael, the inimitable grace of Correggio, and the matchless colouring of Titian; and thus, by the great highway of Italy, a wide channel has been long open, by which a knowledge of the Italian schools has flowed into England.

But this is not the only cause of the more general acquaintance with the Italian than the Spanish schools of painting. Picture-dealers and fanciers have found an easier and a better trade in Italy, than in Spain. In Italy, the greater poverty of the possessors of pictures has afforded a facility for their purchase. The Italian nobles are many of them in reduced circumstances, and the convents are, with some few exceptions, distinguished for their limited means. In Spain the reverse of this obtains. The nobility are for the most part wealthy, and even, if poor, their pride would not allow them to dispose of their pictures; while the convents, where the *chef-d'œuvres* are principally found, are, with scarcely an exception, so rich, that the most speculative picture-dealer would fail to bribe them into a sale. The consequence of this has been, that comparatively few pictures have been brought from Spain; and that those which have chiefly found their way into other countries have been mostly inferior pictures, or, at all events, not in the highest style of the respective masters. To take the pictures of Murillo as an example: that master is known in two distinct styles,—I mean in the choice of subjects. One of these is the great style, by which he is chiefly known and valued in Spain, and of which his Conceptions, Annunciations, Madonnas, Angels, and compositions from Scripture-history, such as the Prodigal Son, the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, &c. are examples. The other class of subjects upon which his pencil was exercised belongs to every-day Spanish life and manners; and of this style, examples are seen in the Dulwich Gallery, in two pictures of Ragged Boys and a Gipsy Girl. The pictures of the former class are naturally those which are most valued by the monks, and which are, with few exceptions, the property of the convents or of the government. These, therefore, have scarcely been attainable by foreigners, who have been obliged to content themselves with those pictures of the other class which were less valued, and which the necessities of revolutionary times had brought into the market. Few Spanish pictures of the highest merit have ever found their way into the hands of private individuals in Spain. Velasquez, chief painter to Philip IV., painted almost wholly for the royal palaces; and the genius of Murillo was nearly monopolized by the demands of the convents and churches: and even among those individuals who are so fortunate as to possess valuable productions of the Spanish school,

there is an almost insurmountable reluctance to part with them. I have visited more than one private collection in Spain, the owner of which would, I believe, have kicked any one down stairs who might have had the presumption to offer money for a picture of any of the great masters. To all these reasons for the scarcity of Spanish pictures, elsewhere than in Spain, I may add that the government has published an edict forbidding the exportation of Murillo's works.

The great scarcity of the higher productions of the Spanish school in England and elsewhere, and the considerable number of inferior productions to be found, has led many to believe that the Peninsula contains little that is valuable in the art; because, with a belief in the omnipotence of English gold and in Spanish poverty, one might naturally conclude that the best pictures would be attracted to England. The reasons which I have given above will have already explained why this result has not taken place; but nothing can be more erroneous than the inference that there is a dearth of pictures in Spain. The Madrid Gallery alone contains upwards of two hundred pictures of the eight greatest of the Spanish masters; viz., of Murillo, Velasquez, Espanoletto, Juanes, Alonzo-Cano, Ribalta, Cerezo, and Morales; besides, perhaps, nearly as many more works of inferior artists; other collections in Madrid contain from fifty to sixty pictures of the first masters. In the King's Palaces of Madrid and Aranjuez many pictures of Velasquez are found. In Seville there are fifty-nine *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo; and by a rough estimate, which I formed when there, I may safely say that there are in Seville at least three hundred pictures of other masters of the Spanish school. It is impossible to form any thing like a correct conception of the number of paintings contained in the convents throughout Spain. In all the cathedrals, and in most of the principal churches,—in very many of the convents in Madrid, Granada, Murcia, Valencia, and other large towns, productions of the chief Spanish masters will be found; and even the obscurest of the hundreds—I might say thousands—of the convents scattered through Spain, contains some pictures which, if not of first-rate excellence, would bear the expense of transport to another country. It would certainly be an under-calculation to assert that Spain does not contain fewer than a thousand pictures of the ten or twelve first masters; and, perhaps, three times as many of the productions of inferior artists. It is not, therefore, a dearth of pictures in Spain that occasions a paucity of them in England.

No one who has had the good fortune to behold the greatest productions of the first Spanish masters, as these are found in Seville and Madrid, can help regretting, for the sake of the art itself, that they are placed so far beyond the reach of the great majority of artists; for it is impossible to calculate what may be the results of facilities for the study of the most faultless models. In this opinion I have found the most perfect coincidence among the artists and amateurs who have visited Spain for the study or the love of the art: all are ready especially to acknowledge the perhaps unapproachable, and certainly unapproached, excellences of Murillo; none more ready than Wilkie, who, from his long residence in Seville, has well qualified himself to form an opinion. This accomplished painter was accustomed to spend hours almost every day in

the study of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Murillo, and in endeavouring to transfer to his own canvass those graces, which, without any disparagement of Mr. Wilkie's genius, may be said to be inimitable. A "Christ crowned with thorns," in the collection of Mr. Williams of Seville,—a picture which is a true interpreter of the genius of Murillo,—was the model upon which Mr. Wilkie chiefly occupied himself; but he did not hesitate to admit, with that modesty which is the never-failing accompaniment of true genius, the unattainable perfections of that great master; and he particularly felt the difficulty of imitating the colouring, which could not be produced by a mixture of colours, or by the use of the glazing by which Titian heightened the effect of his pictures.

It is the more to be regretted that the best works of Murillo are beyond the reach of artists, since he combines in himself that rare union of perfections, which are, for the most part, found separately in the Italian masters; and to the study of which therefore, in the different schools of Italy, greater difficulties are opposed than if they could be found united in one master. The characteristic excellences of the schools of Rome, Bologna, and Venice, differ essentially from each other; while again the merits of the Flemish school are opposed to them all. But in Murillo there is a union of their excellences. Take, for example, his capital picture in the Capuchin Convent of Seville—St. Felix, the Virgin, and Child. In the Infant, the artist will discover the perfections of Da Vinci; in the Virgin, the dignity of Raphael, and the grace and sweetness of Correggio; in St. Felix, the truth and accuracy of Vandyke; and in all, the blended brilliancy and force of colouring that distinguish Titian and Velasquez. To all this there is something added—that which is only Murillo's—that perfect nature and that bewitching delicacy, which give to the highest productions of this master a charm that is only theirs.

I would conclude these few observations with an earnest advice to all artists who possess the power, along with the will, to visit Seville; which may be accomplished without a great expenditure of either time or money, by taking advantage of the steam-boat to Cadiz; and to amateurs I would say, make the tour of Spain, visit Madrid and Seville at all events, and Valencia if possible,—and do not forget to thank me in a bumper of Xeres for the enjoyment I have been the means of procuring you.

H. D. I.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA IN ENGLAND.

WHATEVER opinions may be entertained respecting the spasmodic cholera, and they appear to be various, our original anticipations have hitherto fully met the results; for the disease, although it now occupies from twenty to thirty villages in the neighbourhood of Sunderland, Newcastle, &c., is unquestionably far less violent than it has shown itself on the Continent, or than the public fears manifested the expectation of. In Sunderland the disease seems to have expended itself; in other places it is wearing out, and spreading steadily among villages not before attacked. But still the number of cases is inconsiderable, when compared with the population. Up to January

14th the total number of cases from the commencement of the disease is 1779; Deaths 613. It has often occurred to us as very mysterious that the disease should prevail at a point so distant from Newcastle and Sunderland as Haddington; and we cannot avoid expressing an opinion that the disease there reported as the spasmodic cholera, the object of general dread and attention, is a disorder of another kind, however nearly allied in symptoms to the cholera which raged in Russia. Our opinion upon this subject has recently been strengthened by that of an intelligent gentleman residing near Haddington upon his property, who tells us that he feels convinced of the cases there reported being caused by the adulteration of whisky with aqua-fortis. Now this view, and the occurrences at Gateshead during the Christmas holidays, together with the still unknown mode in which the disease arose in Sunderland, tends very much to corroborate the opinion that a state of atmospheric and constitutional predisposition exists in certain districts, if not generally, wanting only some exciting cause to induce a species of cholera. How far that result may become a source of infection is another question. In the mean time we deeply regret the nervous disposition to excite and to take alarm so easily, and found reports of the existence of spasmodic cholera upon insulated cases of cholic, to which persons in the lower classes of life are liable at all times, though perhaps more so at some seasons than at others. About ten years ago, we well remember a great mortality existed in the town and neighbourhood of Nottingham from cholera, which was also unusually fatal in the south of England. This occurred during the plum season. But the eating of this unwholesome fruit seemed to be only an exciting cause where some predisposition existed, for we knew of several cases where no plums had been eaten, although some improper dieting had most probably been employed.

We may confidently state that nothing, which has hitherto occurred in this country since the first report of cholera, has in the least degree justified the sympathy and alarm so generally expressed by the timid and the weak. In Sunderland, M. Magendie informed us a stranger would not have known that an epidemic so malignant and fatal existed, if not so informed; for the inhabitants pursued their business and pleasures as usual, while as the distance increased from the seat of the disease the public terror became more intensely manifested, and before he set off for Sunderland he was regarded as a martyr. We can make allowances for some classes of medical practitioners sounding the trump of alarm upon the occurrence of a case of spasms, for fears and motives will exist among them: but among the practised military medical officers we should least expect to see such a premature and groundless alarm as was recently raised in the hospital of one of the regiments of Guards. All the accounts we have of the spasmodic cholera indicate that the soldier, from his regular good feeding and clothing, is the least likely to imbibe the disease, although his occasional incaution and intemperance lead him to habits calculated to disorder the digestive organs and to excite ordinary cholera or cholic. The frequent alarms, the fuss and parade, which are perpetually making around us, and keeping the public mind in a state of nervous excitement, cannot have any other than a bad influence; and we hope that those who are so ready

to cry "wolf" will consider the moral responsibility they incur, and the ridicule and contempt to which they justly expose themselves. Not that we advocate a system of careless neglect and indifference. To say the least of the matter, there are not wanting grounds for suspecting the invasion of a new kind of epidemic into the metropolis, and one which has abroad assumed a formidable type, much modified however by the sanitary measures adopted, where skill and science have been brought to oppose the disease, and favourable opportunities occurred of adopting measures of ventilation, cleanliness, separation, and judicious treatment and dieting. To the exertions of our Central Board of Health, composed as it is of men of honour, education, experience, and science, the country should look with a steady confidence, nor should the public allow themselves to be terrified by reports originating elsewhere, to the idle newspaper *on-dits*, or the suggestions and advertisements of quacks and druggists. We see no reason why such heedless alarm should be spread around, while the actual existence of other epidemics and contagions, of the small-pox, measles, scarlatina, and typhus, is disregarded, simply because the public mind has long been accustomed to contemplate these familiar scourges and ordinary depopulators of the country.

The chief sufferers in general of epidemic disease are those who have the misfortune to endure the miseries and privations of the "*res angusta domi*;" and if to this powerful predisposing cause be added habits of vice and intemperance, the epidemic is a sure and certain visitor. Some epidemics, indeed, spread with almost equal facility among the better fed, housed, and clothed, and where the habits of life are not objectionable; but it has especially marked the progress of cholera, that few, if any, of good condition and comfortable means have either been afflicted with the spasmodic cholera, or fallen victims to its ravages among the poorer habitations and crowded populace. Neither on the Continent, nor in this country, has the disease shown itself to be an indiscriminate enemy, levelling its darts at all degrees without limitation. On the contrary, its ravages are amongst those who possess not the means of resistance, while it spares the healthy and strong, the cheerful and content, the well fed and clothed, and the cautious and prudent liver. We may be told that the troops in India suffered indiscriminately, officers and all;—but let us take into the account the influence of an Indian climate upon European constitutions, the exposure of camps to intense heat and dews, the marsh miasma, and the probable different type of the disease in India. We may be told that the Grand Duke Constantine and General Diebitch died of cholera; but they were in the midst of its ravages among the ill-fed armies, where the disease raged, like fire in a forest, without the means at hand to check its consuming speed. At the same time, be it also considered, that the death of these persons, to one of whom Russia was indebted for the revolt of the Poles, while the other failed in conquering them, might not be unacceptable to the supreme government of a country in which the aristocracy have at times been diminished by summary processes of a suspicious character. It is also to be remarked, that the General, though brave and good, was given to excessive drinking, and was moreover a foreigner to Russia.

The greatest consideration of this subject, which we can afford it, tends to convince us more every day of the folly and groundlessness of the prevailing *cholera phobia*; for, although we believe many are destined to fall under it, we are equally persuaded that these will be principally, if not exclusively, among the lowest of the labouring classes; and that those who possess the means of resistance need have no fears for the safety of themselves and their families; and these means are possessed by all in *comfortable circumstances*.

While such is the fact, let it not be a source of selfish exultation, that, as we have heard it unfeelingly expressed, the cholera is a disease only of the poor; but let us strive individually and collectively, according to our means, to arm the poor with the means of resistance also. And although we have no sympathy or pity for the vicious and profligate portion of the poor, who deserve the fate which they bring upon themselves, yet for the sake of the public health and safety these must not be neglected, but such measures of coercion should be employed among them as may be generally recommended by the Boards of Health in different districts, so long as such sanitary measures relate not to systems of cordons and insulation, ineffectual as these notoriously are in averting the progress of the disease, while they tend rather to encourage its propagation.

In reviewing the literary labours of the cholera authors, we regret they are not more creditable to our country's science. There is a discrepancy of opinion and confusion of ideas, when the disease is detailed closely, that confirms our impression of its not being yet sufficiently investigated, and of its having different types under the influence of different modifying causes. The Westminster Medical Society gave their whole time at the weekly meetings, for several weeks, to the consideration of the nature and treatment of cholera. There were some present at the debates who had seen the disease in India and on the Continent, and the spacious room was crowded every night. Yet notwithstanding this conclave of wisdom and experience, so various was the character of the opinions started, that the subject was hunted down without any conclusions, and, in short, they left it just where they found it. Some were contagionists, and others anti-contagionists; some identified it with Asiatic cholera, and others denied it had any thing to do with it at all; some had one opinion, and some another; and there were those even who actually disbelieved in the existence of the very disease they met to discuss! Then as to the treatment, they were not more happy. The most opposite remedies were advocated; and could we have imagined the demon of cholera to have hovered over the building, we might suppose him to have flapped his wings with joy, and grinned in malicious satisfaction at the general ignorance exhibited by "the faculty," when met alike to receive and disseminate useful knowledge upon a point in which scarcely any two agreed, though each had an opinion.

Take it altogether, the best treatise perhaps upon cholera is the little pamphlet sold by Mr. Murray, written by Becker of Berlin. He gives the most useful information upon the mode in which cholera is propagated; a point, although the disease has been about ten weeks in England, on which we have no correct information at present, so far at least as regards the grand question of contagion. In the absence of positive certainty on this point, we may fairly conjecture, and

it is safe ground to act upon, that a close and confined atmosphere, and in low damp places especially, becomes more or less tainted by emanations from the body of a person labouring under the epidemic called spasmodic or malignant cholera. The surrounding atmosphere is thus a medium of conveyance, by which the seeds of the disease become propagated. Did they thus become wafted like a blight from Hamburg? or, is it that a peculiar state of the atmosphere, from electric agency perhaps, is capable of generating the disease where predisposing and exciting causes exist? or, was the disease brought over after the manner of the contagion of strictly contagious diseases, by contact with articles and persons? On these points we are not informed at present, and the probability is that we never shall be, beyond the tendency of a train of reasoning upon well-ascertained facts, so as to arrive at probable conclusions in the absence of demonstration. If, as we believe, the disease be propagated in the manner first supposed above, (as to the original miasma we are quite ignorant,) then it follows that the modes of proceeding recommended by the Board of Health must be sufficient in themselves; that cordons and all hemmings in must tend to the propagation of the disease, and quarantines, excepting upon an impracticable scale, be a useless expense and torment to society.

The public may now consult the best sources of information in a collected form, and we recommend them to do so, by taking in "The Cholera Gazette," published by Highley of 32, Fleet Street, and emanating directly from the authority of the Central Board of Health. The documents in the first Number are curious and interesting, and far better to read than the vague reports of the newspapers, or than to listen to the gossip of the old women of either sex. The general observations at the end of the Gazette will doubtless be found highly useful from time to time, if we judge from the first specimen before us.

Earnestly as we desire to point out the ready sources of prevention, through ventilation, cleanliness, food, and clothing, yet we are quite aware that these can no more be generally attended to long by private and public charity alone, than we can suddenly make the poor wealthy. But in the present crisis, during the winter, much may be done with infinite advantage, and we trust the efforts of the rich will not be relaxed; and that while the clergy inculcate repentance, virtue, and sobriety, the lay members of society may not forget their duties to the needy, nor the influence their bounty will have upon the public health. This leads us to notice a pamphlet of Mr. Joshua Brookes, in which he proposes to feed, house, and clothe the poor population of the metropolis upon a scale of economy that rivals the capabilities of Utopia itself. Mr. Brookes proposes (his imagination must have been warmed at the time) to fill all large buildings, his lately occupied premises among them, with the poor, and when they are in, then to demolish their residences *in toto*. Now Mr. Brookes forgets that, however economically the poor could be stowed away in unoccupied buildings, at least the demolition of those from whence they were removed would entail no small expense to indemnify their owners; for, wretched as appears Short's Gardens, and the Angel Courts, Paradise Rows, and Prospect Places, of our back

settlements about St. Giles's, Drury Lane, &c. &c., yet they are in fact valuable property. No idea seems also to have entered Mr. Brookes's head of the effect of herding all the thieves and prostitutes of the metropolis together, and mixing them with men, women, and children, of better propensities. The clothing and feeding is perhaps more practicable, but not exactly in the mode recommended by Mr. Brookes. And as to his plan of firing off cannon and musketry round the city, we think it is making a mountain of a mole-hill. White-washing, open windows, and fires in the winter, soap and water, warm clothing, plenty of solid food, and no gin, would do more to stop the cholera than whole armies firing about us, or any other impracticable quackeries. If, added to these sanitary means, the medical men in attendance do their duty, the measures against cholera are complete and effectual. We understand that Government have determined to appoint medical officers, now unemployed in military service, to different districts where the cholera may rage about the metropolis; a measure which will be extremely beneficial, and prevent parochial jobbing, of which we recently heard of an attempt in the parish of St. James's, which would in fact have been offering a premium for cholera; and we have no doubt it might be produced, whenever it is called for under such circumstances, and kept alive by the greedy desire of the knavish to plunder the foolish by ministering to their weaknesses and fears.

We have long thought that such a system of inspection as the appointments alluded to above would be beneficial to the public health in cases of the ordinary prevailing epidemics; and the division of the town into districts would afford facilities of cleansing and purifying, far too much neglected in this metropolis. It may be said that the depopulating influence of epidemics is favourable to the country in time of peace; but while we much question the policy of facilitating the progress of such disorders, the idea is revolting to humanity. No great public scourge perhaps can exist without mixing up with its calamities some public benefit to the community; but although the calamity might be considered as designed by Providence for some great remote advantage, we should ill discharge our duties as Christian members of a civilized state, far advanced in art and science, if we did not put the shoulder to the wheel when danger and disease assail our cities, and endeavour to suppress them by every effort which our moral and physical condition afford us.

It is of course very essential in the metropolis, and all great towns where troops are quartered, that an epidemic should be prevented as much as possible from getting among them. Precautions to this effect are equally requisite with large schools; and the great object with both should be to act upon a principle of avoiding congregation as far as it is practicable, especially in the dormitories; with the most rigid attention to diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and regularity of habits. The mature age and general strength, with good feeding and clothing of the soldiers, render them the least likely subjects for the epidemic spasmodic cholera, although their occasional want of caution in extra indulgences render them very liable to cholic, diarrhœa, and common bilious cholera with spasms, which have formerly, in the London quartered regiments, assumed the character of an epidemic,

but without any fatal termination. Should the epidemic cholera of the Continent reach this city, some degree of insulation, but not confinement, would be unquestionably proper; and their habits should be well regulated, so as to avoid tippling and partaking of indigestible and acescent food, which are known exciting causes, while all appearances of debility should be quickly noticed, that concealment of disordered bowels might not be practised. The Army Medical Board has advised *smoking* to be encouraged, but, we think, upon an erroneous principle. Smoking leads to drinking and disordered stomach, and the fumes of tobacco impregnate the air of rooms with an unwholesome odour of stale or sour essential oil deposited upon the furniture. Washings of chloride of lime, and frequent opening of doors and windows, appear to us better preventives than a stagnant atmosphere impregnated with a debilitating narcotic. The chief source of danger among troops appears more probably to arise from the women and children who crowd the men's rooms; and, unless well looked after, promote confined air and uncleanness. Moreover, their intercommunications with the small and crowded habitations of the outskirts of towns should be strictly prevented, as fertile sources of infection, where an infectious distemper prevails. The various wants of a barrack require much daily intercommunication; and this might be regulated, by appointing orderlies to check the ingress and egress of domestics, &c., excepting under strict surveillance. Every officer in barracks should be held responsible for the intercourse which his own servants have out of barracks with the towns-people; and their communication with infected quarters strictly forbidden, and every attention paid to their personal cleanliness and sobriety. Similar regulations apply equally to schools and manufactories, or wherever a number of persons constantly associate together. Their recreations and exercise should be taken in a direction opposite to that in which the epidemic exists.

With regard to the treatment of cholera, it is not our business or wish to allude to it either critically or in a spirit of dictation. We address ourselves to the public, and not to the medical profession. We regret to learn that families in the country are very generally possessed with the *choleraphobia*, and imagine safety to consist in the erection of hot air or vapour-baths in their bed-rooms, and the arrangement of articles by the bed-side supposed to be antidotes to cholera; such as brandy, æther, ammonia, cajeputa, &c., sold by druggists, who gain profit by the general terror in the sale of articles calculated to do much mischief. The symptoms of the epidemic cholera may be easily mistaken; and even in its true invasion, such remedies may be improperly used, although in experienced and judicious hands they are applicable under certain circumstances. Read the observations of the Central Board of Health, and leave such quackery alone, we say to families whose circumstances render them not at all likely to become subjects of cholera; and by way of prevention, look to the health and habits of the family as the surest safeguard. Be simple in your diet, sparing of fruit, vegetables, and acidulous drinks; avoid crowded rooms and late hours; and promote strength and health by exercise in the open air; avoid wet feet, exposure to cold.

The progress which cholera makes so slowly in the North, with the low rate of its mortality, has induced considerable suspicion that it

is not identical with the Indian epidemic, is a modified species, and not contagious; and although we would not relax the precautionary measures of the Board of Health, we should not be surprised, if the disease wears out in the North, and does not appear in London at all. A similar disease is confidently said to have formerly visited Sunderland, and some of our older medical authors distinctly describe such an epidemic in this country. The continuous progress of cholera from Jessore to Russia, as laid down in the cholera maps, has been doubted from strict reference to the dates of its appearance in certain places; although India, Persia, Russia, and Germany, and now this country, have been the seats of a disease which is inclined to spread, has the character of an epidemic, and is more or less fatal; a disease which those who have seen it in India and Russia usually describe as of an uniform character and appearance.

THE IRISH CHURCH AND HER TITHES.

“**LORD**, what is man that thou art mindful of him?” said the royal Psalmist: Hobbes answers, “he is an idolatrous animal”—and it is too true. “The paragon of the universe” is no more in his average character than “the beast of reason,” forgetful of the past, reckless of the present, and presumptuously busy in forestalling nature by provisions for the future. He declares all the works of creation to be marred and spoiled; and he is right, because the Scriptures tell him so. He cannot keep in view for an instant the cause of that ruin and his own imperfection, but he must rashly and audaciously interfere with the designs of Heaven, and goad and torment his fellow-worms with bubble schemes to repair or chastise the ravages which are the natural consequences of his original fall. The history of his generations is a tale of extravagant horrors; from the facts of which, rather than from their imaginations, poets have furnished their fancied regions of darkness and woe. He pretends that his mind is inquisitive after the essence of beauty and power, and he finds it in a shapeless block of wood or stone, in a beetle, in an onion, in a serpent, in a calf, in “the workmanship of man’s hands.” Ephesus and Athens had a greater proportion of god-makers than most modern cities have of clock-makers. There is scarcely an object in nature which his monstrous sense has not adopted for the representation of the power and omniscience which rule the universe. And if he could thus insult the being and attributes of his Maker, what can be expected of him in regard to his fellow-creatures? Leaving out all that he has done to glut his inherent thirst for destruction, how much blood has he shed! how many tortures has he inflicted! how has he scourged and wasted his race in his polluted and infamous zeal for the honour of the Most High! Twice has the Majesty of Heaven interfered directly to rebuke the desolating mischief of his vaunted reason; once by the voice of the Jewish Prophets, and once by the mission of the Saviour and the Apostles. The first forebade the shedding the blood of innocent victims, as it must always lead to the most revolting cruelty towards mankind. The second not only swept away the bloodiness and inhumanity of the old religions, but forebade any interference with

the minds or consciences of other men by any other means than by persuasion and the force of your own example. "Peace and goodwill towards man," a contempt of riches greater than the most enlightened philosophy had yet taught, a kingdom of peace and charity established in righteousness and expressly warranted not to be of this world, a law of brotherly love, a message of consolation, avowedly addressed to the poor by ministers, who, in imitation of their Divine Master, took upon themselves the same state of poverty, an entire submission to the thrones of this world and all the evils they can inflict, with a reservation in favour of the faithful that all should be compensated, and strictly balanced in the life to come, are the marks by which we are to know the dominion and the real subjects of "the Prince of Peace." You who can feel pride in the moral capabilities of your species, look on the face of Christendom, consider its military and ecclesiastical history for fourteen years past, and say what has become of the Law and the Gospel—what use has that apprehension, which the poet fondly describes as being like that of a God, made of that revelation. Europe, under the instigation of Rome, poured forth all her hordes for ages together, to win back from the Saracens the tomb of him who "ascended into Heaven and sitteth at the right hand of God." The Church became rich by the spoils of their absent victims; and the Churchmen, under vows of poverty, which, taken with the facts, set all calculations as to the limits of human wickedness at defiance, grew more sumptuous, lascivious, and insolent, than any order of priests ever known in the world. No one custom or ceremony, however ridiculous and unchristian, ever practised by Jew or Pagan, was left out, if it could be made productive of benefit to the clergy. The arts of peace, including the guardianship and improvement of the laws, were left, with the territorial estates of the princes and their fellow-adventurers, to the same perverting management. The Church having entered into a foul and forbidden alliance with the secular power, like a remorseless harlot, seduced it to turn its sword into the bowels of its proper subjects,—all "for conscience-sake." Then was there seen descending upon the nations a second barbarism, worse than any which overrun the empire. The Papacy gained an ascendant through the wicked conspiracies of the Christian priesthood and the connivance of Christian princes. The mind of man, destined for an eternal progression, at the bidding of wretches stigmatized in many instances as "monsters" by writers of their own belief, was made to halt, and still dread to take another step forward. Doctrines and ceremonies were invented which could have had no other origin or motive than the loathing and contempt of the churchmen for the reason and understandings of their hearers. Then did the strumpet of the second Babylon quaff blood, and kick the faces of the princes who stooped to kiss her feet. Then did her trumpet, like that of Tisiphone, make the hearts of men quail within them, announcing, as it did, the designs and intentions of an infernal spite and hatred. We speak of the mischiefs brought on Europe by the insolence of the Roman Pontificate, and in terms of reprobation which have been far exceeded by many sound divines and poets of the Catholic Church.

The Reformation, which had been called for by all Christendom,

came, and still brought not with it "peace, but a sword." A remorseless and desolating war raged in the bowels of Europe for about two hundred years, by the atrocities of which the tempers of men became wholly devilish. The priests would have pursued the quarrel to the extermination of the entire people of Europe. The secular princes began to discover the quality of the game; and in giving it up at the treaty of religious peace, they for ever barred out of Germany the mischievous politics and authority of Rome. The north of Germany gave itself up to Protestantism, and established not a very perfect law of liberty, but still one which reduced their clergy, in the main, from the absurd pomp and offensive pride of pampered establishments, to the more primitive and appropriate condition of preachers and teachers. Scotland followed in the same track; and with a less expense of blood secured a sounder reformation. Her spiritual liberty was thought too great by her neighbours: it excited the morbid envy of England's prelacy, themselves but newly escaped from thralldom; and against the authority of Scripture, against the impulse of the Reformation, against the forbidding examples of religious butchery which had before wasted Europe, they prevailed upon a recreant king to carry war into the realm of his ancestors, for the purpose of forcing a gorgeous hierarchy and a Romanized liturgy upon a people who had returned to the vital simplicity of Christianity. Again did that nation take the field; and, for ever honoured be she for this, she sent back the crusade, with all its blood-seeking myrmidons, routed, shattered, discomfited: the pride of a rich and sanctimonious priesthood was for ever abated and condemned, and the Church of Scotland is about the most useful religious establishment that the world has yet seen.

Englishmen! it is time now to make a reckoning how you have thriven in the use and application of that talent which fell to you as a legacy from the will and testament of the early Reformation. What say you? Has your Church doffed those scandalous vestments, which disfigured her before your own Reformation? Is her contrition for past errors sincere? Is her mien more modest and downcast? Does her former frailty teach her to doubt her own excellence? Is she meek and retired, and robed in plain apparel? Does she shun the society of Courts? Does she inspire, by her example, a hardy disdain for the dross of wealth? and when it comes to her possession, does she distribute it so as to lighten the sufferings of mankind, according to the purpose for which we are instructed to trust her with it? Is she patient of rebuke? Does she resent buffeting and evil-speaking of her with benedictions? Does she pride herself most on the knowledge and acquisition of spiritual or of temporal things? Does she repel and disavow the unjust and artificial distinctions of rank left among us by feudal barbarism and the fantastic insolence of commercial wealth? Is she consulted for her incorruptible probity in affairs of home-legislation and the ordinary administration of justice? If so, how does she behave? Does she incline generally to the side of the poor, who are the most likely to be the most oppressed? Is she ready to give not only the cloak but the coat also for the exigencies of the public welfare, and to lay down the very lives of her ministers, if necessary, to preserve and

promote the Christian charities among the people? She has had vast stores of money and provision given unto her constantly to enable her to bring up the poor of the land to a knowledge of religion and human learning—what account does she render? Are the people, by her maternal anxiety, more instructed and civil than in other countries? Are they trained to the knowledge of all those means which are most conducive to increase the general good fortune of mankind by example, by exchange, by donation, and diffusion? If this be her plight and condition, if she have all these circumstances awarded in her favour, then is she “the true bride,” for these are the outward and visible signs by which we are to recognise her.

This realm of England has a younger sister, whose tutelage was made over ages ago to the same Church. What has she done for “her little sister?” Do peace and affection abound, according to the promise which she makes of her ministry, from twenty thousand pulpits more than a hundred times in a year? Has the cruelty of primitive barbarism disappeared from the popular temper? Has she scattered the clouds of unlettered and almost heathenish ignorance? Has she increased the substance of the people? Has she extended the reign of mercy and compassion? Has she besieged Heaven with her prayers, and government with her monitory supplications to do justice and love mercy towards Ireland? In short, it is time to examine the results of a connexion which has lasted for two-thirds of the Christian era, as it concerns the Church and State of England, and more than one-third of the same period as it respects the connexion between the Church of England and that of Ireland. This inquiry is imperatively demanded of those who have the government in their hands. There is a belief rising and spreading among men, like that which prevailed in the earlier Church, when the faithful first remarked the corruptions and confusions which crept in after the endowments of power and wealth made by Constantine, that “Religion gave birth to wealth, and the daughter devoured the mother.” People begin, by philosophic deduction, to account for the general barrenness of religion, in regard to its effects on the morals and practice of life, and more especially of government, by ascribing it to the secular pomp and grandeur which surrounds it, contrary to every principle of its institution. The “Standard” Newspaper may say what it will about the necessity of a priesthood being rich, in order to screen it from contempt; if there be one word of truth in Scripture, a rich priest is the abhorrence of the Christian system, unless he convert his riches to the use of the poor. Burke said, that the English people loved to see the Church rear her mitred head in the palaces of princes. So much the worse for the English and their Church. Their profaneness is not the less because it is epidemic. Did any sound moralist among the Pagans, or divine among the Christians, ever dispute the corrupting influence of pomp and riches upon the hearts of men, whatever may be their pretensions of general usefulness? Selfishness takes every hue and complexion of social virtue, not excepting that of disinterestedness. It has the whine of that Arabian monster, which was feigned to have a woman’s breasts and voice, with the claws of a greedy panther hidden beneath. It was with this cry that Bossuet used to encourage the remorseless Bourbon in sabreing and banishing the most valuable portion of his subjects, the Hugue-

nots. "Their souls," argued the blood-thirsty priest, "are more valuable than their bodies; therefore the very compassion of the gospel calls upon temporal princes to draw the sword and drive them within the pale of the Catholic Church or slay them." It is this cry that the clergy of the same establishment used as lately as 1786, in an Address to the Crown, calling upon the King to push home the murderous policy of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by way of averting the wrath of Heaven, then impending over an incurable and intolerable tyranny, of which one of the most terrible instruments was a clergy that had habitually warranted, by example no less than by precept, all the chronic horrors and vices of that government. It was the echo of this cry that Burke used when he justified a Franco-Romish monkery to the satisfaction of the English Church, then branded by that body as "the Pretended Reformed," and declared against all sense of truth, shame, or decency, that the monks were a body among whom it would not surprise you to meet with a Fenelon! It was the echo of this cry which was used by the pious ministry of Liverpool, Castlereagh, and Bible-spreading Bexley, to justify the guarantee given to the Albanian hyæna for the dispersion of the Christians of Parga. But what need of set instances, and where is the room to hold the records of them? They are found in all and every of the branches of our public economy. Every thing is tinctured with a morality professedly founded on Scripture, furnished by churchmen, under a prohibition of examining into its quality and effects. The Scriptures do not advise that the clergy shall aid the civil magistrate in inventing and applying the coercions of human laws; the Scriptures emphatically forbid it. The Scriptures give no warrant for the prelacy to take upon themselves the dignities of earthly titles, and court the society of princes and nobles by apeing their luxury, winking at their vices, and fanning the ever-living flame of pride and self-righteousness in their breasts. Quite the contrary; the Scriptures assume the business of the priesthood to be that of a good shepherd conducting his flock beside the pleasant pastures and the living waters of sound rational knowledge. And when the vitiating luxury and blind oppression of authority tend to deprave or in any way disorder them, the true pastor has his model and his lesson before him; he is to leave his flock in safe keeping, and, in the name of the Father of Mercies, he is to complain, to admonish, to exhort, if necessary to threaten, the rebellious of heart against frustrating the ways of justice. Thus spake Daniel in the court of Babylon, Nathan in that of David, and, in later times, John Knox in the ears of the luxurious dame of Scotland, and, finally, the Bishops to James II.

From the last-named period the Church seems to have relaxed from any degree of vigilance over the frailties of the great world, and gradually suffered the moral of her institution to be used as the general palliative to colour and to cover the pretences of misrule. The deluge of evils let in upon us by the thorough corruption of Parliament, and its fell offspring the Walpole, Pitt, and Vansittart schemes of finance, have received a support scarcely less unanimous than cordial from the ecclesiastical body. Their compliances with the insatiable cupidity of power became so much a matter of course, that the claim of independence was treated as a ridiculous and arro-

gant presumption. The natural freedom of human intellect was at last denied them; a Watson or a Bathurst was taken for a false brother; and the *audax genus* of non-believing Gibbon, touched with the same bastard spirit of political sanctity, was seen in the act of rudely rebuking the philosophic Priestly for his heterodoxy!

Time and suffering have unveiled the monstrous offensiveness of those measures and designs in which religion and voluptuousness, and their spurious issue of morality, helped the confederacy of bad governments against the peace and welfare of mankind. The errors of those governments are admitted and condemned. The cup of regal pride and cruelty, which the Church has seldom been slow to proffer, is now dashed to the ground. The turgid humour of aristocracy has felt the humanizing influence of modern science, and lets fall its diadem in joining the popular search after physical truth. The Church alone stands where it did, to the dismay of the faithful and the scorn of the unbelieving, fixed upon a rock, according to her own apprehension; but, in the eyes of others, surrounded by a troubled and roaring sea of errors and confusion. She has cast off the doctrine and discipline of Rome, but she clings to every thing which remains of the absurdity and ignorance of the times of the Reformation. She persists in asserting a divine authority for every one of her appointments. She will be wiser than the wisest,—not by Scripture, or reason, or knowledge, but by canon and the ambiguous oracles of schoolmen, by Act of Parliament, or pretence of the common law. At this hour, when half the Christian world are repudiating the connexion of religion and state-government, as a thing incompatible with the just authority of either, she claims pre-eminence in the public councils as part of the original compact, and asserts a property in tithe older than the first possession of land. She is not ashamed to have recourse to the most ridiculous and odious fictions to account for the institution of tithe, and has sported with the truth of the Bible so grossly as to assert it must have been given among “many other unrecorded revelations made to Adam in the garden of Eden.” She gathers shapes and shadows of ceremonies to her, of which every one knows the fabricators to have been men of this world in the most profane sense, and vouches them as of divine institution. What helps human knowledge in its most useful developements has derived from her tutelage, let those speak who know most of her good works in that regard. In one sense she has not been stationary. Comparing the times before and after the Reformation, her means have improved in an inverse proportion to their applicability to the wants of society. The old Church provided all the education of the people out of her estates. The Reformed Church has engrossed those estates for the separate enjoyment of her ministers, and makes an additional harvest of wealth out of the laity, by the monopolies of the Universities and the schools nicknamed “Free.” The old Church fed the poor and repaired the churches out of the tithe: the new one devours all, and vexes the congregations with new and wanton imposts laid on by the mock piety of those who seek the honour of representing her in the House of Commons.

Nor are these the only instances in which the preparation and administration of the laws have been found in obsequious con-

formity with the thirst of lucre. We all know how terribly the court of Edward VI. shook with resentment against the savage intolerance of the previous reign. The Catholic party have justly reprobated the enormity of the Protestant ecclesiastics, who surrounded the baby-king, in making him sign warrants for the burning of heretics, against his weeping remonstrances and the holy compunctions of nature. An Act of Parliament derived from such times, and suffused with the detestable hues of rapacity and sordidness, would not be entitled to much credit and force in any State, and must stamp with infamy the councils and administration of a really Christian government. In the second year of this childish reign the clergy extorted from his incapable mind his assent to a bill which augmented the remedies for tithes beyond any that laymen had for the protection of their property, and gave them double or treble damages for not setting out, or for letting or hindering the parson in taking away his tithe. For some reason or other, which divines are not likely to explain, the tribunals have given a force and energy to this Act which few upon the statute-book have ever received at their hands. It is no less remarkable that the severity of the decisions against the laity has increased in a due proportion with the spread of parliamentary corruption. Between laymen, where one claims a thing not yet reduced to certainty, the judgment awards an inquiry as to the damages to be recovered. A parson sued before Lord Hardwicke for tithe of underwood in a coppice of more than twenty years' growth. The loppings were privileged from tithe by the age of the trees, but one tree was younger than twenty years; and the loppings were all bound up without distinction. It was held that tithe must be paid on all, because "it was the folly of the defendant to tie them up in one bundle!" There cannot be a more grotesque mockery of justice, unless it be found in the following case:—A parson, named Jennings, sued and recovered double damages and costs in the Consistory of Llandaff, for letting and hindering the parson, against the 2nd of Edward VI. The tithe had been laid out, and there was an open way newly made by the farmer, which was nearer and more convenient for the parson; but he insisted on pulling down a wall which stood in the old way. The farmer respectfully warned him off, but could not quiet him, as he declared that "he was never happy except when he was teasing his parishioners." This might have happened at any period of the Church. Father Paul warns us not to be surprised at the baseness or depravity of churchmen, and thence conclude that Christ has forsaken her, since we find that in his proper presence there was, out of twelve disciples, one Judas, who was a thief and a traitor. There will always be

Enow of them
That creep, intrude, and climb into the fold,
And eager only for the shearers' feast
Will push aside the worthier bidden guest.

An appeal went to the Court of Delegates, and a better opportunity never could present itself to manifest the incorruptible purity of British justice. Sir John Nichol accordingly reversed the sentence in the Court below; and, in doing so, severally condemned every particular in the conduct of the priest. So far so good. But, as if

it was out of the code that a layman should receive positive justice at the expense of a clerk in orders, the learned judge professed to discover a latent spirit of opposition and evidence of a parish conspiracy against this meek follower of Jesus, in the fact, that the farmer had sought a remedy, and, what was worse, had recovered damages for the trespass in a court of law,—a course of proceeding to which the preservation of the public peace, no less than the personal interests of the appellant, strenuously invited him; and therefore he left the party to pay the costs decreed by the unwarrantable judgment of the Court below! “I looked for judgment, and behold oppression! for righteousness, and behold a cry!”

It would take up too much time and space to unravel the evils of the clerico-magisterial law, and the disastrous opposition in which it leaves the feelings of the congregation with the functions of a ministry, whose founder refused to decide the question of tribute-money. It is enough to remark that the clergy have established a character for the severity of their lay-magistracy, which breathes any thing but the benignity and compassion of the Gospel, and has more than once brought upon it the severe rebuke of the judges of the land. Justice Grose, in commenting on the ferocity of a sentence pronounced by a parson-magistrate, expressed a wish that not one should be let into the Commission of the Peace; a benevolent wish, from a man of true humanity and religion, which the Parliament, for the sake of the Church and her ministers, will do well to carry into full force and effect. The right and policy of tithes are two questions which have been studiously entangled, both by churchmen, and those lawyers who have sought the good word of the Church in passing up the narrow way of State-promotion. The anxiety to be generous to an impersonal being, at the expense of the community, would be a fit subject for laughter and ridicule, if the attempt did not include in its deeply founded conspiracy all the ingredients of religious, moral, and civil disorder.

We have as much religion as most of our neighbours, and so much more than some of them, that we must withdraw our assent to any proposition which violates its principles. If, in addition, it sins against good policy and the general welfare of the people, we must go a step further, and, at the perilous risk of arousing the proverbially deadly hatred of the political theologian, we must declare that the usually received notion that a Church is entitled to share in the territorial domain of any country, and that it is entitled also to an equal share in the usufruct of all personal labour operated upon the soil of that country, is not only an unchristian, but an anti-christian law; nor can the policy of the State ever give it such a sanction as to make it binding, *de jure*, upon any community.

In a Mahometan state, so long as the sword (which is the rule of their iron sway) prevails, the priests may enjoy whatever share the brute spirit of the monarchy may award them. But in a Christian State, where the laws ought to be settled by general consent, and the New Testament commands the exercise of offices of mutual charity over which the Church is to be the presiding benefactress, a claim of property which was against natural justice must be cast away from us as an unclean thing. It is not enough to say

that the Church has it, and that the law has awarded it. It is not enough to ask a man who has a living soul, why he would rob a corporation which "has no soul," and therefore cannot feel the loss. It is not enough to scare us with the apprehension that religion will perish with the tithes, and the state of society be dissolved if one of its most disturbing actions be quieted by the good sense of the civil government. Can any profaneness,—can any impiety,—can any blasphemy go further than the assumption that the will of the Most High will fail of its purpose, unless the priesthood are allowed to indulge in all the forbidden "pomp and vanities of this wicked world," and crafty politicians are enabled to waste the substance of the commonwealth in displaying their sickly piety and affection towards a Church possessed of scandalous—of opprobrious riches? "When ye came before my altars, who hath required this at your hands?" Is it any wonder that French Simonism, and German Rationalism, and English Dissent are preying so actively upon the remnant of the Lutheran Reformation, when it is seen and felt that a national establishment, in which the ministers are protected by the State from the censures of the laity, discovers, in all cases, the same troublesome, heavy, costly, and greedy appetites and desires? This is not a petulant complaint of our own: it is an unavoidable inference drawn from history of ecclesiastic dues and jurisdiction in this as in other countries, and, with shame be it spoken, more especially since the Reformation. Read the Prologue of Coke to the Statute of Tithes, mentioned before. It there appears that the Church was becoming so turbulent in grasping for power, being then in a secure and insolent enjoyment of her wealth, that Bancroft, on behalf of himself and the Bishops, tendered articles to the King, in which they proposed, by way of aggrandizing their order, and no less so that of the prerogative royal, that the Crown should annul the authority of prohibitions issuing from the temporal into the ecclesiastical courts; that is to say, that the laity should be given over to the fangs of a ghostly jurisdiction which was to be placed above the law. Fifty years of such a *régime* would have brought us to the blessed ceremony of a Portuguese *auto da fé* with the Supreme judge of the Church, exalted over the head of the State in all public audiences and ceremonies. The folly of the scheme rendered it harmless. The twelve judges joined in the answers given to it, and expressly accuse the reformed clergy of increased rapacity in the exaction of tithe, stating instances where customary tithes were spurned, and as many as seventeen different tithes put into one libel by way of experiment, of which only eight were recovered or recoverable.

We pass over for the present the pernicious partiality shown for the Church in the application of the general principles of law; by which no time can bar out her claim on the one hand, while half the time of legal memory serves to keep them in possession of the third and fourth parts of the tithe, directed by original consecration and the express law of the land to the maintenance of the poor and the repairs of the Church. The very reason of the Church having possession of tithe or any other property was that of an original stewardship for the poor of the various Churches, without reference to any

particular congregation, but generally for the good of the faithful. It would be as little profitable to expose the disgraceful fictions by which a legal right to prædial and personal tithes is derived from the authority of Scripture, instead of leaving the question of its early institution, where it did, and eventually must rest, upon the devices of the Pagans; after whose more modest fashion the early Christians vowed voluntarily, and not by legal or sacerdotal compulsion, whatever portion of their substance they thought fit to their favourite God, even as it is done in Spain and Italy in the supernumerary offerings at the shrines of saints who happen to be most in vulgar favour. In this manner Rhodope devoted the tenth of the profits of her beauty to Apollo. That which Rhodope did of her own free-will, the Christian priesthood at one time demanded, *ex debito justitiæ*, as they still do in Spain, of all her successors in the same art.

We dare not venture upon the analogies which the history of this impost brings along with it: but we must deal with the mischief which tithe and the law of its protection inflicts upon nations, whose population has risen up to their present means. Nothing but the grossest barbarism could have condemned so large a portion of the subsistence of a country to a wholly unprofitable consumption. "It is hardly for the augmentation of their evils," said Cicero, "that men devote a tenth of their estates to Hercules." While the gift was of woods and uncultivated tracts of land, and more than enough was left to feed the population, the folly was bearable. Our present situation is the reverse of this, and requires the soundest and healthiest application of all the means which can be raised within a limited territory. It may be, and has been, said that there is nothing more invidious in the territorial possessions of the Church, than in those vast accumulations made by effect of the law of primogeniture. Perhaps not; but there is this difference, that the law allows us constantly to hope for the breaking up of the great feudal measures, while it prevents the title of the Church from lapsing, even as to property which she has lost ages ago, and which in all probability will never return to her possession. Besides, what is the reason of the recurrence of this cant and presumption on the part of the Church, by which she is always seen quoting and imitating the bad patterns of temporal management? If the State has disorders, is that a reason why the Church must mimic its infirmities? In the minds of sincere men, the Church must stand wholly condemned when she has to justify her own errors by the example of the secular government, and say "the serpent beguiled me, and I did eat."

But now, to leave mere disquisitions, and enter into the real matter before us, what if this matron prove a rigorous stepmother? What if she be found, not only wasting the estate in an irreligious and sensual profusion, but smothering the poor, the children of the Father of Mercies especially entrusted to her care? What if she be found prowling among the half-famished Irish, who know nothing of her but her remorseless and cruel greediness, with troops of horse and foot, shedding horror and ruin around her? Is it indeed true that the peaceful mansions of the dead have been shaken, for her sake or by her direction, with the reverberations of musketry? Is it true that the dying

child and the sick father have been stripped of the last rag of vesture, to satisfy the claims of the Church, which was bound out of those very means to protect them from hunger and want? Is it true that tithes are raised by the edge of the sword, and that the ministers of the gospel of peace have engaged in a civil war with the Irish people for ecclesiastical imposts? Are these, then, spiritual fruits? Is this the celestial dove of the new covenant? No; it is an obscene vulture, whose beak and talons are familiar with blood and carrion.

Let us be just to human nature. In older times man had so far forgotten his Maker, as to believe that human sacrifices would oblige him. They sinned in an ignorance impervious to every ray of light. But no priesthood has a fouler offence to answer for, no government ever displayed a more guilty remissness, than that priesthood which demands, and that government which allows, the slaughter of its people, to fatten, in a land of hunger and want, the wealth of an almost idle clergy. To call this law, is an infamous abuse of language. Law is designed for the preservation, and not for the destruction, of the people. To call it religion, is an affront to the God of Mercies. To call it policy, is to show yourself blind to the clearest designs of Providence. Never did such iniquity fail to provoke the wrath of Heaven. The sacrifices devoted to the Minotaur were just and reasonable compared to this palpable incarnation of Mammon and Moloch. Princes and rulers, children of this generation, be not wiser than the light of experience can make you. You will find no warrant for this enormity in any law divine or human. The shedding of blood to gratify a Christian priesthood is an absolute renouncement of the suffering and expiation of the Cross. The very Pagans who allowed the sanguinary Jews to effect that destined sacrifice can put your behaviour to shame. When Tiberius was quæstor in Africa, he destroyed the homicidal worship of Saturn, and hanged the priests upon their sacrificial trees. What blessing can you hope from Heaven, what happiness in the direction of public affairs can you anticipate, when you can suffer these outrages on common humanity? Do you really believe that you can draw good out of the most unqualified and demoniacal evils? Think you that the worst policy of the worst ages of Christianity, carried to its worst extent, can fructify more profitably under your hands than under the masters of the world? Have you forgotten how successfully the domineering influence of the ecclesiastics toiled, in assisting time and the barbarians to destroy the empire? Awake! arise! you are called upon to snatch your country from the abyss to which her infuriate parties are driving her. The signs of the threatened wrath are already among us. We have already pestilence and civil war; instead of the girdle of generous concord, a rent; and "burning instead of beauty." "Peace give I unto you," were the last words of the Founder of our religion to his disciples. Ministers of Christ! you say that you are the executors of his will—Statesmen and rulers! you profess to see justice done in its administration—answer the demand now made by the voice of the people, "What has become of the legacy?"

(To be continued.)